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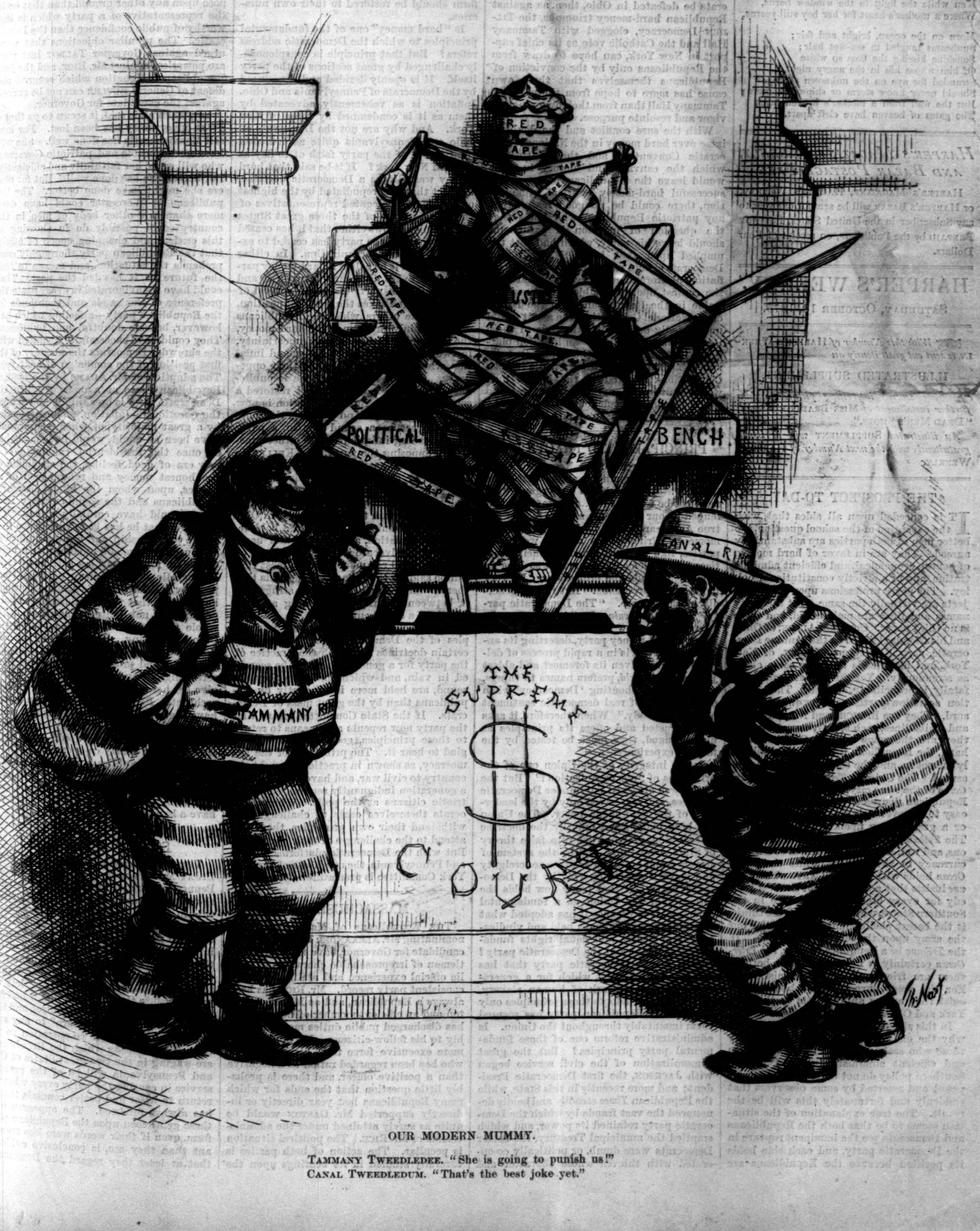

RED TAPE
RED TAPE
JUSTICE
POLITICAL
BENCH
TAMMANY RING
CANAL RING
THE SUPREME $ COURT
Th. Nast

OUR MODERN MUMMY.

TAMMANY TWEEDLEDEE. "She is going to punish us!"
CANAL TWEEDLEDUM. "That's the best joke yet."

IN THE STORM.

Night on the ocean, dark and cold;
A shadowy beach where the wild waves rolled,
The foam-capped waves, as with sullen roar
They angrily charged on the desolate shore.
Over the sands a feeble light
From the fisherman's hut gleamed thro' the night,
While a woman waited and watched alone,
And shuddered to hear the storm's wild moan.

"Shine out thro' the gloom, O light!" she cried,
"My boy's frail bark o'er the waves to guide.
He will know the lamp that his mother's hand
Has set to beckon him safe to land!"
Loud and louder the wild winds roar,
Lashing the lonely, helpless shore,
And none may hear the pitiful wail
That floats ashore on the cruel gale.

But ere the morning has dawned at last,
The wind, the storm, and the gale are past,
And one by one in the shadowy sky
The starry lamps are hung on high;
And they beckon the soul of the fisher-boy
To a world of wonderful unknown joy,
E'en while the light in the window burns,
Where a mother's heart for her boy still yearns.

Morn on the ocean, bright and fair;
Sunbeams tangled in sea-wet hair;
Sunshine kissing the face so white
Of him whose life in the angry night,
Stranded for aye on the unknown shore,
Should never know storm or shipwreck more;
But the wail from a mother's broken heart
The gates of heaven have cleft apart.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 16, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing several interesting pictures and a further installment of Miss Braddon's *serial,* "Dead Men's Shoes."

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THE PROSPECT TO-DAY.

It is conceded upon all sides that, with the exception of the school question, the better men of both parties are substantially agreed. They are in favor of hard money, of honest, economical, and efficient administration, and of a strictly constitutional policy. The party professions upon these subjects are virtually the same. Yet the party names and lines are maintained, and there is no third party. Governor Allen, of Ohio, and his friends claim to be the genuine Democratic party. Governor Tilden, of New York, and his friends urge the same claim as strenuously. Yet the two are radically, fatally, irreconcilably, divided. Their position as fellow-partisans is exquisitely absurd. They are Bianchi and Neri, Guelphs and Ghibellines, each stoutly asserting that they are the same party. On the other hand, the Republican lines are as absolutely unbroken, and the same spectacle is presented. The Chicago *Tribune* and the *Inter-Ocean* of the same city, for instance, are both Republican journals, but it would not be easy to discover a single point of sympathy or a great policy upon which they agree. The *Tribune* is one of the most able, vigorous, and well-informed advocates of a sound currency in the country, while the *Inter-Ocean* holds with General Cary. The *Tribune* insists that a soldier is not the best remedy for every breach of the peace in the Southern States, while the *Inter-Ocean* thinks it the basest pusillanimity not to order out the army upon the slightest occasion. If the *Tribune* be a Republican paper, the *Inter-Ocean* certainly is not, except that both of them are friendly to the Administration. For the great purposes for which parties exist they are as antagonistic as the New York and Ohio Democratic platforms.

In this situation it is an obvious question why the old parties do not dissolve, why those who seek an honest financial system and efficient administration and a wise Southern policy do not unite; and it is supposed and asserted by some observers that suddenly and fortunately this will be the result. The true explanation of the situation seems to be that both the Republicans and Democrats see the imminent rupture in the Democratic party, and each side holds its position because the Republicans are confident that the event, with their own good conduct, must make them the party of the future, and draw the better Democrats to them, while this last class equally hope to slough off their inflation brethren, and then to absorb the hard-money Republicans. The immediate consequences of this situation in the State of New York are most fortunate, for each party is on its good behavior; each is rivaling the other in declaring sound doctrines and nominating good men. But it is apparently the Democratic party which is to be really rent, not the Republican. Should the Democrats carry Ohio, inflation would inevitably become the National Democratic platform for next year. The hard-money Democrats might insist that they were the only legitimate heirs, but they would be compelled to acquiesce or bolt, and they would instantly become, not a national party, but a body of dissenters, like the Free-soil Democrats in 1848—honest and patriotic, but not in a position to "absorb" any body. Should the Democrats be defeated in Ohio, then, as against Republican hard-money triumphs, the Tilden Democracy, clogged with Tammany Hall and the Catholic vote as its chief support in New York, can hope to draw from the Republicans only by the conviction of Republicans themselves that their own cause has more to hope from the party of Tammany Hall than from their own renewed vigor and resolute purpose.

With the sure conflict and the doubtful issue over hard money in the National Democratic Convention, and the position in which the canvass and victory in Ohio would leave the Republican party as the successful hard-money political organization, there could be no good reason that any patriotic Republican who holds that the question of inflation is paramount should leave his party, which had just triumphed upon that issue. If, again, the Democrats should carry Ohio upon their inflation platform, and it became clear that the contest upon the subject was as inevitable in the Republican as in the Democratic National Convention, the result would undoubtedly be that if either one of these Conventions should adopt an inflation platform, its action would be repudiated by honest men of both parties; while if both Conventions adopted it, the honest men would unite upon a third candidate, who would be some conspicuous citizen not distinguished as a partisan on either side.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES.

The late address of the New York Democratic State Committee states that "the fundamental principles of our organization need not be rehearsed……and stand unchallenged by our opponents as the creed of the true American." Let us look at this for a moment. Principles is a good word, but parties, like men, are tried by their practices. The Democratic party was long in power. It made fine professions. Its very name was a profession. But it was generally nothing more. "The Democratic party," said the *Evening Post* just before the meeting of its New York Convention, "originally a hard-money party, deserting its ancient traditions, is in a rapid process of deliquescence……Even its foremost and ablest journal, the *World*, prefers names to things, and keeps on shouting 'Democracy' when every vestige of real democratic sentiment has left the body." When, therefore, it asks to be trusted and offers its principles as unchallenged, they must be tested by the facts of experience.

Is the integrity of the Union one of the principles of "our organization?" But the Union was attacked only under Democratic auspices, and was saved only by the leadership of the Republican party. The Union has been endangered only by the doctrine of secession, growing out of a false theory of State sovereignty, and by the system of slavery; and both a false State sovereignty and slavery were supported by the Democratic party. If that party now holds the integrity of the Union as a fundamental principle, it is because it has adopted what Republicans have always held and vindicated. Are justice and equal rights fundamental principles of the Democratic party? But it is the Democratic party that has steadily denied them, which for a generation was the bulwark of human slavery, and which now adopts those principles only because the Republican party has secured them immutably throughout the Union. Is administrative reform one of those fundamental party principles? But the great demoralization of the civil service began with Jackson, the first Democratic President; and more recently in this State, while the Republican *Times* steadily and boldly denounced the vast frauds by which the Democratic party retained its power, and which emptied the municipal Treasury, the better Democrats were dumb, or politically co-operated with thieves whose character and deeds were known. And when the same Republican authority, the chief organ of the party, published the details, the chief Democratic organ sneered at them, first citing the absence of Governor Tilden from the great meeting of citizens upon the subject as conclusive evidence that the movement was factitious, and then, when he began to act, ridiculing him as "a railroad lawyer." To-day in Maryland it is the Democratic Ring against which the reform movement of all parties is directed, and in no State under Democratic control except New York is there practical evidence that it is a party of any reform whatever. We do not deny the offenses of Republicans or the abuses of Republican administration. But we are now considering Democratic claims, and we assert that the Democratic party as such is not now, and has never been, a party of administrative reform. In this State the controlling organization in the party is Tammany Hall, and those who suppose that Tammany Hall is a nursery of political reform should be restored to their own nurseries.

Is "hard money" one of the fundamental principles to which the Democratic address refers? But that principle is conspicuously challenged by great sections of the party itself. It is openly derided and denounced by the Democrats of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Inflation is as vehemently advocated by them as it is condemned by those of New York. And why are not the Democrats of Ohio and Pennsylvania quite as orthodox interpreters of the party faith of to-day as those of New York? If it be said that hard money was always a Democratic doctrine, the fact that it is repudiated by the highest authority, the delegated representatives of the party, in two of the three great States of the Union, shows either that it has ceased to be so, or that the party has ceased to exist as a national organization. In either case, how can it be called a hard-money party? The exact difference between it and the Republican party is that in several of the States each takes the soundest position, and in some others, while the Republicans do not plainly pronounce for hard money, the Democrats, besides an equal uncertainty, in two States unequivocally demand inflation, which is nowhere true of their opponents. Is it contended that the Republicans are in power, and have not restored a sound currency? But the question is now one of the future. And which is the more likely to secure a sound system, a party whose leading inflationists are either practically opposing the party, like Kelley in Ohio, or are silent, like Butler in Massachusetts, or are modifying their views in the right direction, like Senators Morton and Ferry; or a party which has passed from its uncertain tone of last year in Ohio and Pennsylvania to a frank and bold demand for inflation, and whose chief hard-money men advocate in Ohio a platform of expansion and rag money? The most that can be said for the Democratic party is that there is an open and desperate struggle in it between the rag-money wing and the friends of a sound currency.

What, then, are the unchallenged principles of the Democratic party? They are certain doctrines for which the practice of the party for a generation would be searched in vain, and which, so far as they are sound, are held more intelligently by Republicans than by the great mass of Democrats. If the State Committee means that the party now repents and means to return to those principles, good citizens will be glad to hear it. The principles of the Democracy, as shown in practice, brought the country to civil war, and have been for half a generation indignantly repudiated by patriotic citizens at the polls. When Democrats themselves cease to challenge and withstand their own principles, they may attend to the challenges of their opponents. But with the Democratic platforms in Ohio and Pennsylvania, the manifesto of the New York Committee is premature.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Republicans of Massachusetts, in nominating Mr. Alexander H. Rice as their candidate for Governor, have selected a gentleman of irreproachable character, of public official experience and ability, and of a consistent party record. Mr. Rice has been always a Republican, and as Mayor of Boston and an efficient member of Congress, he has discharged public duties most acceptably to his fellow-citizens. He is a man of more executive force than his competitor, who has been regarded rather as a negative than a positive officer, and there is probably little question that the ends for which many Republicans last year directly or indirectly supported Mr. Gaston would be quite as surely attained under the administration of Mr. Rice. The political situation is peculiar. The action of both parties is carefully studied in its bearings upon the future. Both, as we say elsewhere, are upon trial. The old party lines are relaxed. The mere party cries have lost their music. Both parties, in the popular judgment, having been guilty of grave offenses, "regularity" alone is no longer enough, and the real point of interest is to see which party gives evidence of more probable fidelity to the honest demands of the time.

The Republicans of Massachusetts have chosen to give this proof to the country and to their fellow-citizens at home by the nomination of Mr. Rice, against whom Democratic partisans can allege nothing but that he is in Massachusetts what Governor Tilden has always been in New York—an unswerving party man. The suggestion made by many Republicans in the State, that, under the circumstances, a less positive party nomination might be desirable, was undoubtedly candidly considered by the Convention and by Republican opinion, and being overruled, a gentleman has been selected whom no supporter of Governor Gaston can oppose upon any other ground than that he is the representative of a party which is less worthy of public confidence than the Democratic. The peculiar objections that were urged against Governor Talbot last year are powerless against Mr. Rice, and the just Republican indignation which secured the defeat of General Butler can not be turned against the candidate for Governor.

Yet, when all is said, it seems to us that a great opportunity has been lost. For herself Massachusetts has done well. She will have an honorable and patriotic Governor, who will serve her faithfully and efficiently. For herself she has done well. But for others she might have done better. The Republicans at Worcester could have done more than any other body of men in the country could possibly do in showing at this critical and changing epoch of affairs that the Republican party thoroughly comprehends the situation, and means to lead the future as it has led the past. They could have re-invigorated in every State the preference of thousands and thousands for the Republican party—a feeling which has, however, become doubtful and indifferent. They could have successfully disputed with the shrewder Democrats the mastery of the first position of the campaign of next year. The adoption of Mr. Adams by the leading Republican State at a moment when the Democratic party is breaking to pieces upon the question of inflation, and his election by a great majority, of which there would have been no doubt, would have made him at once the Presidential candidate of a new era of good feeling, the candidate of the honest money and reform men of all parties, upon whom the lately dissenting Republicans and the sound-currency Democrats could have cordially united. The very fact that he has been withdrawn from active partisanship, and has maintained an absolute independence, makes him a union candidate for the new era such as no strict Democratic or Republican partisan could possibly be. Mr. Adams's nomination would have shown that the Republican renewal is general, and not limited to any State. The whole tone of the Republican canvass in Ohio is inspiring. The action of the New York Republican Convention was unexpectedly bold and promising. And Massachusetts might have responded in a way to give her her old leadership. With the Massachusetts Republican Convention should have begun a new political epoch, in which honorable men of all parties who have only patriotic ends in view would have found themselves in hearty co-operation.

But the Republicans of the Bay State have decided otherwise. They will elect Mr. Rice. Massachusetts will have a good Governor. But the Republican party will have a harder contest next year.

SOME OLD FRIENDS.

The appearance of Mr. Grow and of Mr. E. Jay Morris upon the Republican side in Pennsylvania, and of Mr. Schurz in Ohio, shows that these gentlemen are of opinion that in those States and upon the financial issue the Republican party is that of honesty and patriotism. We do not, of course, interpret their action as significant of any thing but their wish to support sound principles, nor at all as what is called a "return" to the Republican party. They left the party because they believed that it had fallen hopelessly under an evil control, and they would certainly not "return" to any such leadership. Yet their co-operation in the contest for honesty which the Republicans are waging in the two great States of Ohio and Pennsylvania will be of the greatest service in causing the party every where to return to wiser and better counsels than it has always followed. The appearance of these gentlemen upon the Republican platform, even if their words were less trenchant than they are, is conclusive evidence that at least they regard the Democratic platform in Pennsylvania and Ohio as fatal to the welfare of the country.

There has been misapprehension even upon the part of so sagacious a political veteran as Mr. WILSON as to the relation between the dissatisfied Republicans and the party. The feeling of the dissenters was, as Mr. SUMNER used to say, that the Republican had become a GRANT party. We do not stop to discuss the justice of this feeling, but it is very clear that no disposition to "open the party doors," and to "heal" and "reconcile," and to recall "wandering brethren," would induce those who had that feeling to co-operate with the party. If the doors were to be opened, their question was, "What is the feast?" It was certainly not enough to open the doors of what they considered to be a GRANT party. The only persuasion that Mr. WILSON could have used was, not that the doors were open, but that the entertainment was different. He should have said General BUTLER and company are no longer at table, and the men whom the party honors are those whom the country respects for character, patriotism, and ability. To such a party these gentlemen would not, indeed, "return," for such a party they have never meant to leave. In our opinion the success of their action in 1872 would have produced a Democratic restoration; and whatever offenses the Republican party may have committed, the remedy was a thousandfold worse than the mischief. When their movement was wrested out of their hands by the very venal bummers against whom it was a protest, it seemed to us that they should have acknowledged the evident truth, instead of persisting in the affair as if its result was what they had intended. But this was a matter of judgment; and while we steadily opposed them, we did not question their motives.

It is now as clear to them as to the rest of us that the element of the Republican party with which they were in sympathy, its honest, intelligent, patriotic sentiment, is assuming control. Circumstances and the folly of the Democrats combine to aid this result. The gentlemen of whom we speak undoubtedly see that a rupture of the Democratic party is imminent upon the currency question, and that they, with all other good citizens, must make their choice between the hard-money and soft-money parties. We hope they will presently see, also, that the Republican party will not be divided upon the question. It will lose some supporters, but its integrity will be undisturbed. The question for all patriotic men will be, which of the three contestants, the rag Democracy, the gold Democracy, or the Republicans under their new impulse, will treat all the issues of the hour most wisely. As it appears to us, the result of the autumn can hardly fail to strengthen the Republican party, whatever the immediate result of the elections may be, and it will apparently go into its National Convention next year with its old patriotism, earnestness, and enthusiasm, to lay down a platform and to nominate candidates which will show that it is still, as it was meant to be, the party of sound political and American principles.

THE JUDGE AND THE GENERAL.

IN his letter accepting the Democratic nomination as Governor in Pennsylvania Judge PERSHING says that in that State "for years past large amounts belonging to the Sinking Fund have been diverted from it and applied to other purposes than the payment of the debt of the State; and that the faithful appropriation of the public moneys to the purposes for which they are paid into the Treasury by the people would have lessened the amount of taxation now required, when business interests are so generally prostrated." The judge describes precisely the situation in this State under Democratic auspices, to which Governor DIX directed the attention of the Legislature. Under Governor DIX's administration the losses of the Sinking Fund were largely made good, and the consequent reduction of taxation is due not to the labors of Governor TILDEN, although he has the advantage of it.

Judge PERSHING also says that he is opposed to inflation "in its true sense," but he favors "such a volume of currency as the legitimate demands of business......may require." That is the way in which the inflationists always put it, and there is not one of them who will not heartily vote for Judge PERSHING. He says further that he holds the doctrine "always held by the Democratic party"—in Ohio, for instance—that gold and silver are the true basis of a bank-note circulation; and he instantly adds, "The question as to this is not the same with that as to a paper currency that is of itself made by the sovereign power a legal tender, and therefore money." These sentences show conclusively that the inflationists have shrewdly selected their candidate. The two sentences taken together amount to this: gold is the true basis of paper; but if the state makes paper a legal tender, it is as good as gold. Judge PERSHING and General SAM CARY are brethren, except that CARY is of opinion that gold in a country is altogether a nuisance. The judge merely holds that paper is as good as gold when the government says so—as in the good old Colony times, or in Revolutionary France, or in the late Confederacy.

A party which has put forth the Ohio and Pennsylvania Democratic platforms, and placed Judge PERSHING and General SAM CARY upon them as representative men, hardly seems to be the especial party of reform and political and financial regeneration.

A STRAW.

IT is a very small straw, but it shows which way a certain wind blows. Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, was lately serenaded, and in his speech in reply he urges the importance of strict adherence to the principles of JEFFERSON and MADISON and CLAY, and "he predicted the utter destruction of the radical party in the great political contest of 1876." Mr. TOOMBS's opinions may be thought of small consequence. But he undoubtedly speaks the feelings and wishes of that malignant set who have always been and must always be, among an ignorant population, very influential. A political success which would give them joy can hardly be such as faithful citizens should wish to see. It is well for that class of the community to ask themselves, if Mr. TOOMBS would be glad to see the Republican ascendency destroyed, how would the colored laborer in the interior of Georgia feel about it? If General BUTLER and Mr. KELLEY would delight in the election of ALLEN in Ohio, how would the friends of honest money feel about it? It is very instructive to see who is likely to be pleased with the result of an election.

PERSONAL.

JOHN W. V. MACBETH, Esq., recently appointed to the chair of belles-lettres, rhetoric, history, and political economy in the University of Virginia, is the author of a very scholarly and entertaining work, entitled *The Might and Mirth of Literature*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. MACBETH's object is to create and fully equip a new branch of study, to discuss figures of speech far more thoroughly than ever has been done, to urge upon pleaders, preachers, and all who write or speak English much important practical advice, and to make the whole subject amusing and instructive.

—Hon. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY is at present in Boston, but will soon return to England to resume his important literary work. Other of our ministers may have had charge of more complicated and weighty matters than fell to the duty of Mr. MOTLEY, but, on the whole, he is probably the most generally popular and esteemed of the representatives the U. S. has sent to England.

—Mr. HARTSHORNE, an English traveler, recently gave the British Association an account of the Weddas, a wild tribe which lives in the interior of Ceylon. These Weddas are about five feet high, live on water and roast monkeys, and are incapable of laughter. Who could laugh on roast monkey and water?

—KOSSUTH is living in comfort at Barraconne, a village between Turin and Rivoli, absorbed in the cultivation of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, and keeping an eye on his collections of insects and minerals. KOSSUTH was seventy-three years old on the 16th of September. It will be twenty-four years in December next since he came to this country and received an ovation never before nor since accorded to any foreigner, save only LAFAYETTE.

—GARIBALDI, although he has ostensibly accepted it, has never drawn a dollar of the pension of $20,000 a year recently given him by the Italian government, and it is said to be doubtful whether he ever will.

—JACK CAMPBELL, a negro of renown, died a few days ago at Madison, Georgia, aged eighty. His fame as a humorist was known throughout the State. He was a slave, owned by an innkeeper in Madison, and brought great prosperity to the inn. His name appears in the *Statistics of Georgia* and *Major Jones's Courtship*, and many of his droll sayings have appeared in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*. At one time Mr. P. T. BARNUM offered the owner of JACK the sum of $10,000 for him.

—The Marquis of Lorne has in press a narrative poem of some 3000 lines, called *Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera*. It is founded on an incident in one of the many Saracen inroads which harassed the coast of Provence in the tenth century.

—Hon. M. B. LOWRY, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has given a mansion and grounds in that city, valued at $15,000, to the Society for a Home for the Friendless, and offers to pay the expenses for the necessary improvements.

—The Marquis BENSO DE CAVOUR, nephew of the famous minister, and possessor of his papers, has recently died, and the name and family of CAVOUR have become extinct.

—Queen VICTORIA's youngest son, Prince LEOPOLD, has joined the temperance movement, having accepted the presidency of the Oxford branch of the Church of England Temperance Society.

—Mr. TORR, of Aylesbury, England, has just surpassed any thing of ancient or modern times in the success of a cattle sale. He is one of the prominent cattle breeders of Great Britain. A few days ago he sold eighty-five animals for $214,650, being an average of $2525 a head. The highest-priced beast, Bright Empress, brought $10,800, and other cows sold at $8000, $7500, $6000, two at $5000, and heifers at from $4000 to $6000. Fifteen hundred persons were present, and the result of the sale is pronounced to be unprecedented in the history of cattle traffic.

—"How do you get up your sermons?" asked some one of Mr. MOODY. His reply was: "For a number of years I have kept large envelopes marked, say, 'Blood,' 'Heaven,' 'Faith,' etc., and every thing I hear or meet with on any of these subjects I make a note of it, and keep it in these envelopes. After some time I have material enough in one of these envelopes for three or four sermons. People sometimes speak of me taking four or five months to prepare a sermon: it takes me four or five years."

—Dr. M'LAREN, the new Bishop of Illinois, is an ex-editor, which, in the opinion of the heretical editor of the Boston *Post*, accounts for his writualistic tendencies.

—Yale College is one hundred and seventy-five years old, and during that time has had ten presidents. Dr. WOOLSEY occupied the president's chair for a quarter of a century.

—Lord Chancellor CAIRNS is spoken of in English papers not only as having brilliancy in rhetoric and humor in diction, but as being the first equity lawyer in England, and has given an air at once of solidity and minute finish to the comprehensive and ambitious fabric which Mr. DISRAELI has raised. His face is finely cut: there is a singular look of power in the region of the lips, and the nose is marvelously chiseled; the brow is not unlike Mr. GLADSTONE's, and altogether the countenance abounds with refinement and intelligence. It bears, too, upon it the traces of intense application and thought. Here the tale it tells is true enough. Lord CAIRNS has been in harness since his nonage. He graduated in high honors at Trinity College, Dublin, while a mere lad, and since 1844 has been busily immersed in law and politics. He was thirty-three when he entered the House of Commons. He had not been there two sessions when he had made his mark—by nothing more successfully than in his encounters with JOHN BRIGHT on the subject of the condition of Presbyterianism in Ulster, and the operation of the *Regium Donum*. It was the material of which these speeches were made that won him the applause of the House. His success as a lawyer has been the most brilliant on record, and the most rapidly acquired; for in less than twenty-five years from being called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, he had mounted to the highest pinnacle of legal greatness. As a statesman he has displayed no striking aptitudes. He has exhibited as a political partisan both ingenuity and enthusiasm, and has never failed to say for or against any measure all that its friends or foes could desire.

—WILLIAM the Conqueror is to be honored with a memorial. It is a humiliating fact that WILLIAM has been too long neglected. Something should have been done for the old gentleman long ago. A statue of him will be unveiled soon at Falaise, France, where his father lived, and where he matured the design of invading England. This was the final meeting place for the Norman barons before making the descent upon the coast of England, and the names of all those present at the last meeting are inscribed in letters of gold on tablets in an adjacent chapel.

—The sword surrendered by NAPOLEON III. to the Emperor WILLIAM at Sedan was delivered, a Strasburg paper states, to General CASTELNAU by Prince BISMARCK in 1871.

—Marshal M'MAHON's position with respect to the different parties in France is illustrated by the following story, which also shows him to be a wit: "One of the notabilities of the Bonapartist party, on hearing of the removal of Vice-Admiral DE LA RONCIÈRE LE NOURY, posted off to the Palace of the Elysée to see the gallant President of the republic, with whom he is on familiar terms. 'My dear marshal,' said he, alluding to the disgraced vice-admiral, 'beware of the Orleanists; they are deceiving you.' The President smilingly replied: 'My dear Sir, you saw that person who left as you entered? Well, he said exactly the same thing about you.'"

—Kaiser WILHELM maintains his bodily vigor wonderfully. He was in the saddle during the whole time on both days of the recent Sedan anniversary, and galloped up and down the field at the head of his staff as briskly as ever.

—Dr. KENEALY, of TICHBORNE notoriety, has been put on his defense for publishing a libel against GEORGE POTTER, the editor of the *Bee-Hive*, whom he denounced as "a sham and a rogue."

—The Count EULENBERG, who has been betrothed to BISMARCK's daughter, proves to be the same who killed a cook some years since. The betrothal is said not to be relished in Liberal circles.

—The Shah of Persia is a very expensive man to entertain as a guest. He never visits any one without expecting to receive presents. Not long since he was entertained for a whole day by MIRZA HUSSEIN KHAN at his house in Teheran. The Shah breakfasted there and received many presents, £12,000 in cash for himself, and jewels and 100 Cashmere shawls for his ladies. The entertainment cost HUSSEIN KHAN £20,000.

—Many years ago a French general on duty at Turin started with his wife to a court ball. The lady had just thrown off her outer cloak when she was taken ill. A doctor and a few ladies attended her, and the general was soon seen wrapping a lively boy in his coat and hurrying homeward. The boy so born is Admiral DE LA RONCIÈRE LE NOURY, who was recently removed from the command of the Mediterranean squadron for displaying too much Bonapartist zeal.

—Mr. LEONARD HAZELTINE, Jun., has been appointed by the Mayor to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education caused by the resignation of JACOB D. VERMILYE, Esq. Mr. HAZELTINE is widely known in commercial circles as a partner in the firm of JESSE HOYT & Co., and is a member of the Produce Exchange. Other members of his family have rendered valuable service in the cause of public education in this city, and the selection of a gentleman of Mr. HAZELTINE's character and position is a matter for general congratulation.

—COWPER's house is still standing in the market-place of Olney, England, as well as the little summer-house in the garden, of which he wrote: "I write in a nook I call my boudoir. It is a summer-house, not bigger than a sedan-chair. The door of it opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbor's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Here I write all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or the public. It is secure from all noise and a refuge from all intrusion."

—This "personal" is related of the founder of Vassar College: When the college was completed, and filled at once by about four hundred pupils, none of whom could find a closet in their rooms, Mr. VASSAR was astounded at being told that the girls wanted closets. "Why," said he, "they can have two nails in the wall, one for their school dress and one for their best dress, and what do they want more?" By-and-by the closets were built.

—Speaking of good writers, it is by no means common that they are good talkers. SCOTT was most genial in conversation, and the pleasant description of the author reading his poems and novels to his family, and their affectionate sympathy, is truly delightful. DICKENS, too, was gifted in speech as well as pen, and, perhaps, had he enlivened the home circle with his genius, his married life might have been happier. COLERIDGE and WORDSWORTH were both great talkers, and though they professed to delight in each other's society, they always avoided meeting, because neither liked to listen. Contemporary with them was Mr. TALFOURD, of whom Miss MITFORD says, "His conversation is so glittering, so dazzling, that listening to him is like looking at the sun; it makes one's mind ache with excessive brilliancy." But he did not possess the secret of pleasant conversation, for his talk was more like a harangue. Humorous and witty people are always delightful company, but those who use sarcasm are seldom popular. Some writer says of sarcasm, "It is an easy talent, for the worst wine makes capital vinegar."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, at Des Moines, Iowa, September 30, President Grant made a longer speech than is usual with him. After briefly referring to the past record of the army and to the memory of the dead, he went on to say: "Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they died should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such, who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials, and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on whichever side he fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the prosperity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics—certainly not partisan politics—but it is a fair subject for the soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign, the people, should foster intelligence—that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now the centennial year of our national existence, I believe, is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to aid all needful guarantees for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

The public debt statement for September showed a reduction of $3,342,562 61 during that month, the total debt now being $2,255,749,896 95. The currency balance in the Treasury is $4,790,352 92; coin, $67,833,316 94, including coin certificates, $11,645,200.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention at Worcester, September 29, nominated Alexander H. Rice for Governor, H. G. Knight for Lieutenant-Governor, Henry S. Pierce for Secretary of State, Charles Endicott for State Treasurer, Julius S. Clark for Auditor, Charles R. Train for Attorney-General.

The President has accepted the resignation of Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Interior.

Eleven persons were killed and twenty-five wounded by a railroad collision near Yamaska, Canada, September 28.

The Rev. George B. Porteous, late pastor of All-souls Church in Brooklyn, was drowned at Sea Cliff on the evening of September 27, by the upsetting of the boat in which he was fishing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Bonapartist council which met recently in secret session at the château of the ex-Empress Eugénie, at Arenenberg, Switzerland, for the purpose of determining the future policy of the party, decided that Eugénie should abdicate the regency conferred upon her by the late Emperor, and that the Prince Imperial should undertake in person the exclusive direction of the Imperialist policy.

The Old Catholics in Germany have decided in favor of abrogating the celibacy of the priesthood.

The court-martial in the case of the *Vanguard* has reprimanded Captain Dawkins, of that vessel, and dismissed him from his command.

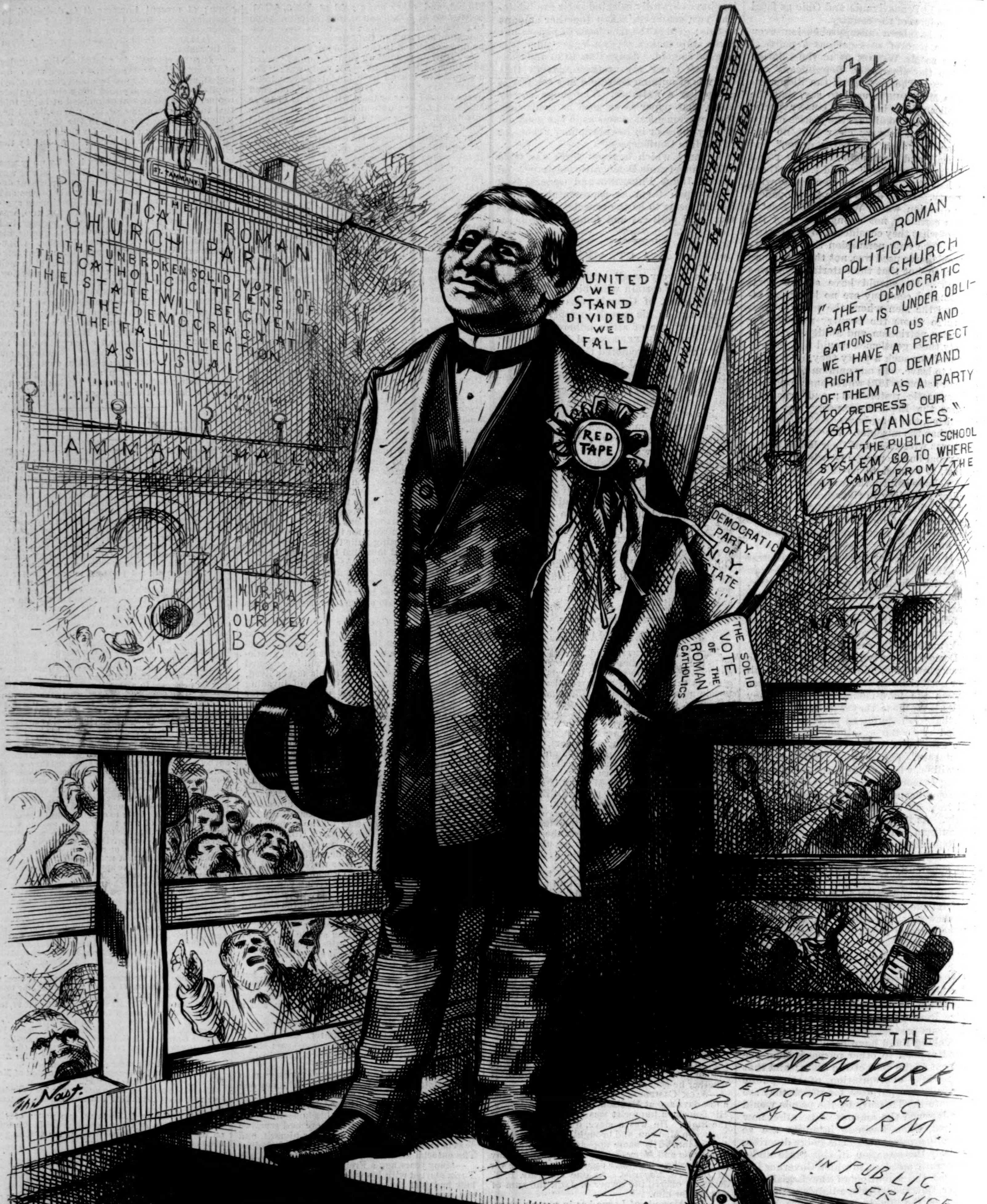
Recent dispatches from the Swedish arctic expedition report its arrival at Hammerfest, Norway. All the officers and men were well. Important maps and scientific collections had been made.

A band of twenty-four Communists has appeared in Andalusia, Spain, cutting railway and telegraph communication.

The ultramontane party have elected the President, Vice-President, and other officers of the Bavarian Diet by two majority.

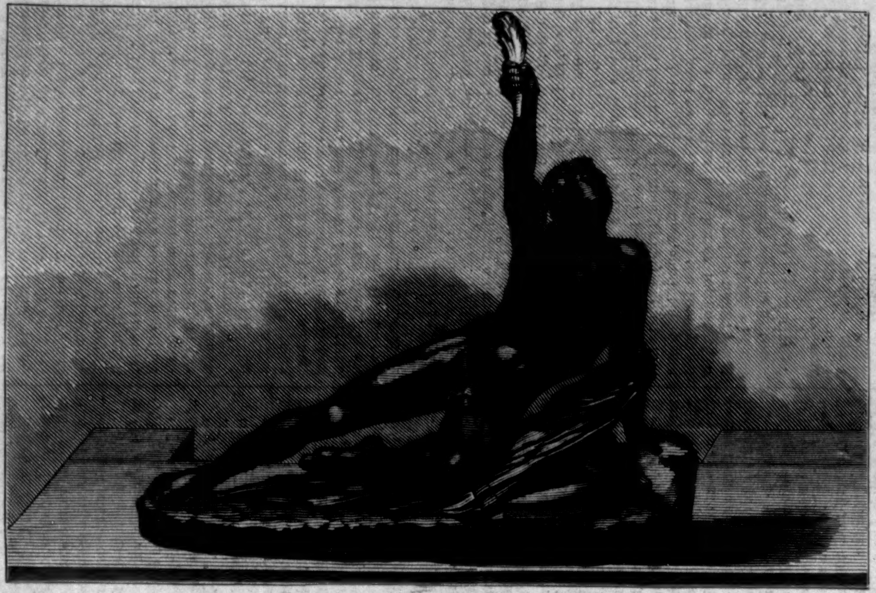
Turkey has informed the powers that the time may come when the Turks will be obliged to repel Servian and Montenegrin inroads.

It is reported that the Northern powers have agreed upon the proposals made by the Herzegovinian insurgents, and regard them as a satisfactory basis for further negotiations. Several sanguinary engagements have recently taken place in Herzegovina between 1200 insurgents and 4000 Turks.

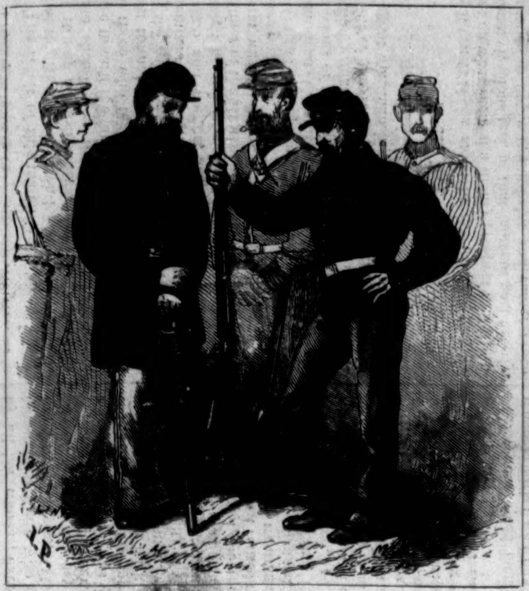

ST. TAMMANY.
THE POLITICAL ROMAN CHURCH PARTY.
THE UNBROKEN SOLID VOTE OF THE CATHOLIC CITIZENS OF THE STATE WILL BE GIVEN TO THE DEMOCRACY AT THE FALL ELECTION AS USUAL
TAMMANY HALL
HURRA FOR OUR NEW BOSS
UNITED WE STAND DIVIDED WE FALL
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.
RED TAPE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF N. Y. STATE
THE SOLID VOTE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS
THE ROMAN POLITICAL CHURCH
"THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS UNDER OBLIGATIONS TO US AND WE HAVE A PERFECT RIGHT TO DEMAND OF THEM AS A PARTY TO REDRESS OUR GRIEVANCES."
LET THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM GO TO WHERE IT CAME FROM—THE DEVIL.
THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.
REFORM. IN PUBLIC SERVICE.
HARD MONEY.
SYSTEM
OUR AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL
A REPUBLICAN AT THE HEAD OF THE STATE TICKET
Th. Nast.

POCKETING THE MISSING PLANK.

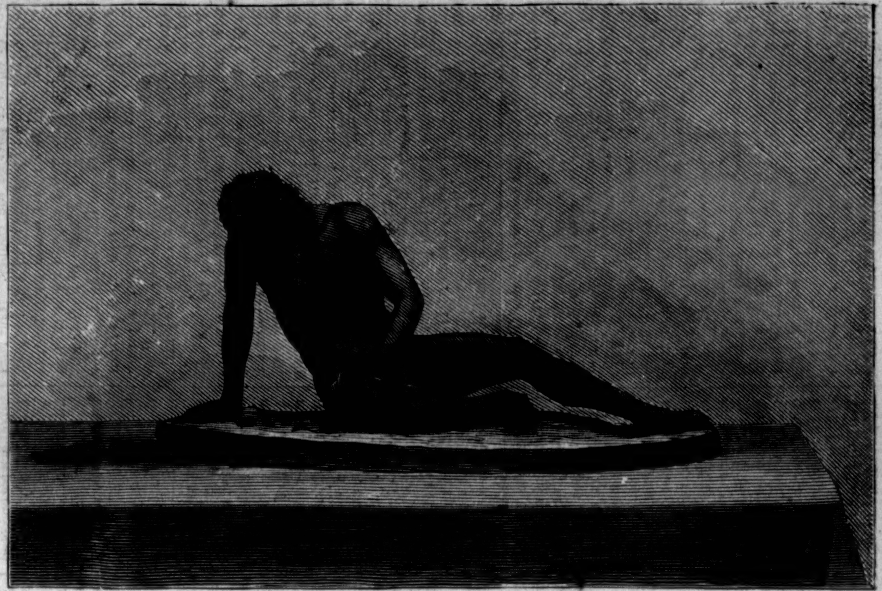
BUT THEY ARE SURE TO PUT THEIR FOOT IN IT SOME DAY.



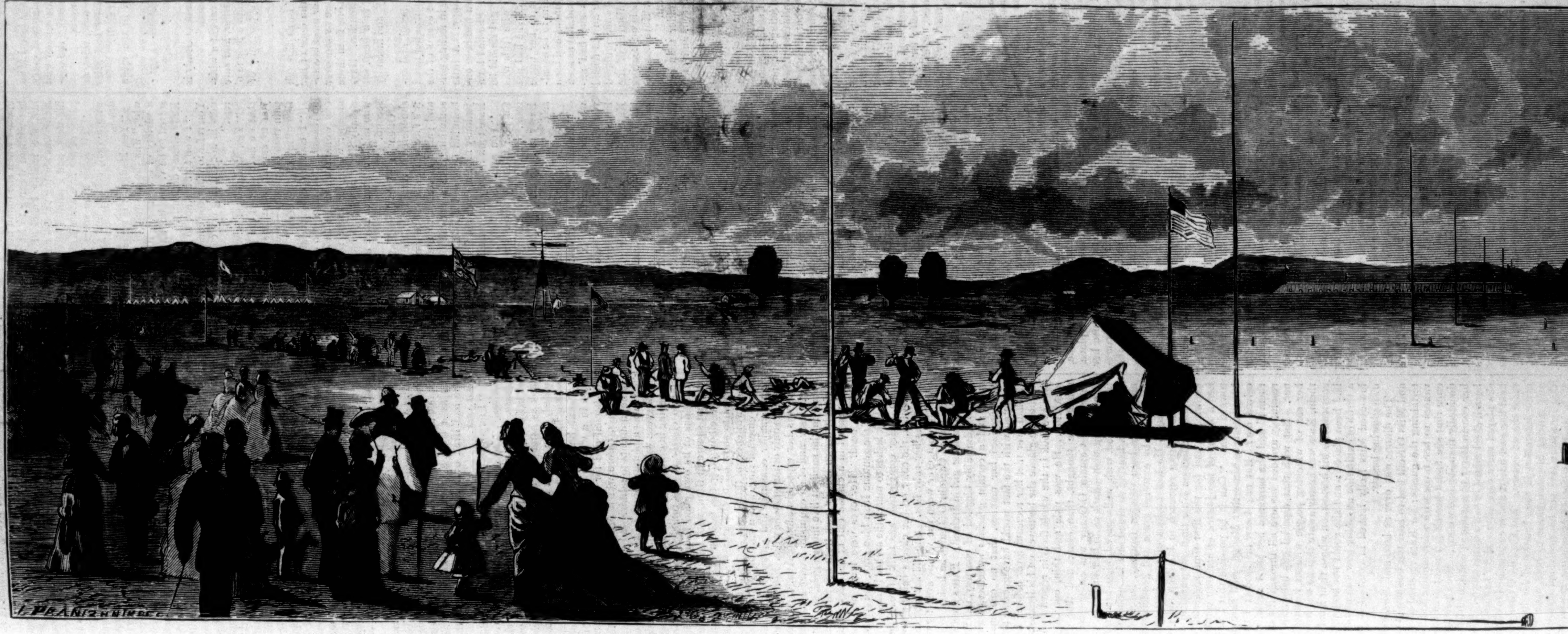
INTER-STATE PRIZE.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



TESTING THE TRIGGER PULL.



INTER-STATE PRIZE.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



CREEDMOOR—MATCH BETWEEN THE CANADIAN AND AMATEUR RIFLE TEAMS, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 838.]

CREEDMOOR.

A very interesting rifle match, of which an illustration will be found on the preceding page, took place at Creedmoor on the 25th ult., between a team composed of some of the best shots of Canada and some of our own crack riflemen. The day was still and clear, and in every respect favorable for the exhibition of the marksmen's skill. The grounds were crowded with visitors, and it was a pleasant feature of the day that many ladies graced the occasion by their presence. The Canadian team was made up of the following-named gentlemen: Messrs. George Murison, J. J. Mason, David Mitchell, W. Mitchell, F. Schwarz, C. R. Murray, George Disher, and James Adam. W. Mitchell was taken from the reserve and placed upon the team proper, while Joseph Mason was put in waiting. Mr. C. R. Murray was captain. The *personnel* of the American team was as follows: Messrs. W. B. Farwell, A. V. Canfield, Jun., L. L. Hepburn, L. C. Bruce, F. Hyde, H. S. Jewell, J. S. Conlin, and L. Geiger. General T. S. Dakin filled the position of captain.

The preparations for the match had been made with such care that no time was lost by the marksmen in proceeding to work. Firing began at the 800-yards range about a quarter past eleven; and when the score was finished, about twenty minutes to one, it was found that the Americans had made 475 points out of a possible 600, and the Canadians 472, thus leaving the Americans three points ahead.

At two o'clock, after a substantial lunch, the match was resumed at the 900-yards range. The Americans scored 467 points, the Canadians 439, leaving the former twenty-eight points ahead on the second distance, and thirty-one points ahead on both ranges. At the 1000-yards range the Canadians had better fortune than their opponents, scoring 473 points to 467; but the day was lost to them by their losses at the first two ranges, the Americans winning by twenty-five points. The following is a summary of the scores:

	Americans.	Canadians.
Total at 800 yards	475	472
Total at 900 yards	467	439
Total at 1000 yards	467	473
Grand totals	1409	1384
Majority in favor of the Americans		25

The result of this match is additional proof that the American breach-loading rifle is superior to any English muzzle-loader, and also that men shooting, as the Canadians did, with the face toward the target, can not shoot as steadily as those who take the back position, with the feet toward the target—that generally assumed by the Americans. It will be observed that two members of the American team, Messrs. Canfield and Bruce, were in the International match at Belfast. Mr. L. L. Hepburn is the winner of the Remington diamond badge. The team was, therefore, a very strong one. There were no prizes.

On the same page with the illustration of the American-Canadian match will be found engravings of the prizes offered for the Inter-State Military Match. They are from the establishment of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., and are of very elegant workmanship.

A RAINY DAY.

Kate O'Hara stood by the window, looking out on what seemed a dreary prospect to a handsome, vivacious girl, at that moment particularly anxious to don a riding-habit and canter miles away to another part of the county. The rain was pouring down in torrents from a dull leaden sky that showed not in its whole expanse the proverbial bit of blue big enough for a sailor's tarpaulin that might give promise of a clear afternoon. The state of affairs was hopeless for the present, and with a deep sigh Miss O'Hara turned from the window and tapped a pretty little foot impatiently on the floor, and then drummed with the fingers of a very pretty little hand on the mahogany back of a chair.

"What in the world shall I do to pass the time?" thought the disconsolate beauty. "Write letters?—sure I answered every one that I owed a week ago. Try on all my dresses?—when I know the becoming ones better than my own face in the glass. I've a mind to have Norah powder my hair and rouge my face, and go down to dinner like a *grande dame* of the last century."

By way of assisting Miss O'Hara to solve the difficulty, her maid now entered, with such an evident air of mystery and desire to be questioned that the young lady gratified her at once.

"What ever is the matter, Norah? Has any thing happened?"

"Arrah, matther enough, miss: sure the captain's here."

"The captain? what captain?" Miss O'Hara asked, languidly, but blushing like a fresh June rose.

"Ah, go an now, Miss Kate! Sure ye know well it's Captain O'Grady I'm afther m'anin'—Lord love his handsome face!"

"Oh, Captain O'Grady! Well, I trust he's in good health."

"Not pertic'larly, miss, I'd say—annyway judgin' by his looks; for he's mortal pale and sad-lookin'."

"Ah!"

Miss O'Hara pronounced this little word in a perfectly indescribable manner. It was breathed out like a long, soft, sad sigh, and yet if you had heard it you might have been surprised to note a certain gentle triumph and gladness in it.

Her voice was as sweet as the voice of a thrush on a May morning, and you would have remarked that while the maid spoke Irish-English with a strong brogue, the mistress conveyed her thoughts in Dublin English of a perfect quality, and with a delicious Irish accent that lingered like music on the ear after she had ceased to speak.

Norah smiled to herself when she heard Miss O'Hara's last remark, for she understood every little shade in the sound of it, and she knew well that for her mistress as well as herself "the captain" was the only captain in the world.

"Will ye be dressed for dinner now, miss, or would ye rather wait? Miss Kelly and Miss O'Neill asked me to come to them early."

"I prefer to wait, Norah, and in the mean while I'll select my dress."

"Very well, miss." Norah lingered.

"And, Norah—"

"Yes, miss."

"How does it happen that Captain O'Grady is here? I thought he had left Ireland."

"Yes, miss, so he had. I just caught a whisper of what he was tellin' the masther, and sure his rigiment's been ordered to within a league o' the Castle, so he made the first opportunity of payin' his rispicts."

"That will do, Norah."

Miss O'Hara took a couple of turns through the room, and then she opened the door of her wardrobe, and took out three of her most becoming dresses; these she disposed one by one over the foot of her bed, giving to each one from three to five minutes of her undivided attention. Having done this, she flung them all in a heap, sat down in a low chair, sighed deeply, and instantly forgot all about them.

This young lady was much perplexed, and apparently without sufficient cause; but as her mind swiftly traveled backward over the events of the past year, she felt herself justified in feeling embarrassed, angry, and most unhappy. A little more than a year ago Kate O'Hara had been engaged to marry Captain O'Grady. She had been as warmly attached to him as any girl should be to any man until she becomes his wife (this was the strictly proper manner in which she had put the business when speaking of it to her uncle and guardian), and she believed him to be equally devoted to herself. The engagement had been made at the house of a mutual friend, but as soon as Kate returned to her uncle's she had announced it, and the captain being an old friend of Mr. Kelly's, she was kissed and congratulated by all her cousins, except the mistress of the house, Miss Kelly, who grew so pale on hearing the name of Captain O'Grady that Kate was filled with a vague jealousy and alarm.

Madge Kelly was seven years older than her cousin Kate, who was just eighteen, and of a tall, elegant, and commanding figure; a pale brunette with very dark eyes and jet-black hair; a magnificent woman, who had been known for years as the beauty of Kildare. She offered her cousin no congratulations on the engagement that had been announced, nor did she take any pains to conceal the tumult of feeling the announcement had roused in her own breast. Kate felt her cousin's treatment keenly; but her attention was much engaged, and for some days she tried neither to resent it nor think of it. The lovers corresponded, and she had his last letter to learn by heart—though that was generally done on the first reading—and then to answer it in two or three closely written sheets, and one request in particular to say *no* to, which was that she would consent to a speedy marriage, and have her fortune settled entirely on herself; for Miss O'Hara was something of an heiress, or, as that article averages in Ireland, she was very much of an heiress.

But unoccupied moments will come even to engaged girls; and one day Kate's mind, being no otherwise engaged, began to bother itself about Madge Kelly's ungraciousness; and Uncle Kelly happening to come into the room just then, his niece spoke to him about it.

"Poor Madge," said Uncle Kelly, with a laugh and a sigh, "she's a great fool to wear the willow for a man that never cared a rush for her. Such a beauty as she is too, with a score of gentlemen every whit as good to pick and choose from."

"What are you talking about, Uncle Barry? Does Madge know Captain O'Grady?" gasped Kate, half choking.

"Yes, little girl; but you needn't get so pale about it. As you know, Captain O'Grady is an old friend of mine, and five or six years ago I may have thought or wished he might be something nearer. He admired Madge, of course—every body did—but that was all. Nothing ever came of it, except that the girl was mad in love with him. She wore her whole heart on her sleeve; every one that saw them together could see how she loved him except himself. To this day I don't think O'Grady suspected it. What a fool I used to think him for his blindness. Such a girl as she was!—a mate for a king. But my gentleman had only a cool eye of admiration for her, while she wouldn't look at another man in the universe, and never has since."

Kate was more distressed than ever.

"But, Uncle Barry, he spoke of you often; he never named Madge once—"

"Did you ever ask him if he knew her?"

"Well, no" (blushing brightly); "I believe I never thought—"

"No doubt you had both something else to say and to think of. Madge wasn't your guardian, puss, or else 'twould have been her name and not mine that Captain O'Grady would have heard from you. There! there! Matters were just as I told you. Don't go trying to ferret out a mystery where there is none, little Kate."

But what woman, under such circumstances, could be content to leave well alone? Not Kate O'Hara, anyway.

"I will know the rights of it. She shall speak. Why did he never mention Madge? Now that I think of it, I'm sure I would have spoken of her a hundred times, but he avoided the subject."

With cheeks burning scarlet and ears tingling from what they had heard, Kate flew up stairs to her cousin's room. She felt considerable trepidation when she found herself at the door of it, but without waiting to let the feeling overcome her, she hastily knocked and entered. Miss Kelly was sorting papers and letters at her writing-desk, and a painful blush reddened the clear pallor of her face when Kate entered.

"'Tis some time since you have favored me with a visit, cousin, but you are welcome. Sit down."

"Yes, Madge, it is some time; and you know why," was the answer, in tones tremulous from a variety of emotions. Kate seated herself, resolved to be very calm, and looked back at Miss Kelly almost defiantly.

"I won't affect not to understand you, Kate. You refer to what you consider my want of kindness in not offering my congratulations like the rest."

"Yes, Madge, that is what I mean; and now that we have opened the painful subject, I want you to explain what has given me even more pain than perplexity—your extraordinary reception of my engagement."

"I couldn't congratulate you, Kate; I saw no reason. The man who could break faith with one woman whom he *loved* in order to marry another whom he knew to be an heiress was equally likely to engage himself to still a third who might chance to have more money than the second."

Often in after-days Kate remembered, and shuddered to remember, the look on Madge Kelly's face while she spoke these words. Her natural pallor increased to the livid hue of death, something like a convulsion passed across the beautiful face, and a look of insane despair and jealousy flashed from the fine eyes. At the time Kate took in only the meaning of the words.

"You are mad, Madge, to say such things. Captain O'Grady never sought me for my fortune. 'Tisn't a week since he wrote to Uncle Barry to have every guinea of it settled on myself."

Miss Kelly burst into a harsh laugh.

"He made good use of his time anyway, Kate, while he was courting you. If he had known you since the hour you were born, he couldn't have read you better. How well he knew that Kate O'Hara would never give herself without her fortune, while, if he asked it, 'twould only raise him in your esteem!"

"But you spoke of another woman to whom Captain O'Grady was engaged."

"Yes, I did—'twas myself. Philip O'Grady is *my* lover. We had been betrothed for years before he ever looked on your face."

"I'll never believe it," burst out Kate, impetuously. "He could not be so base. I must have some proof beyond your word."

"You shall have several proofs," was the cold reply. "I suppose you have seen his writing?"

Kate drew from her bosom her lover's last letter, and gave it to her cousin.

Miss Kelly clutched the paper till it was crushed and crumpled in her shaking hand. In a single look her eager gaze devoured the impassioned lines before she turned to the signature. It was impossible for her to grow paler, although the purple spots of anger that burned like fire in her cheeks by contrast seemed to make her so. After the lapse of a few moments she handed back the letter, with a bitter smile.

"The hand, I see, is a trifle changed, but not so much as the heart; the signature, however, is just the same. You can compare them for yourself."

She rose and brought five letters from her writing-desk; then sitting down beside Kate, she gave them to her one by one.

"Read them all; compare the writing with those you have received from him, and judge which of us has deceived you."

With a sick heart Kate glanced over the letters. She did not read them through line by line, as Madge Kelly would have done in her place, but she saw more than enough to convince her that she had been the sport of a heartless scoundrel. The letters were several years old—the paper on which they were written showed this, as well as the dates; two were written from Clonmel, two from Dublin, and one from London, where, Kate remembered well, Captain O'Grady had once told her that he passed a few weeks five years before.

The fatal letters dropped from her nerveless fingers, and her poor little heart seemed to die within her, for she realized, as she had not yet done, that she had loved her captain far, far more than any girl should love any man until she is fast married to him.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Miss Kelly, taking up her letters and folding them between her two cold hands.

"I am satisfied," answered Miss O'Hara, rising to her feet with far more pride and dignity than she really felt.

"I never released him, Kate, nor ever thought of doubting him, although we have not met for years, because I judged his heart by my own. But now, rather than you should suffer as I have done—"

"Oh, don't fear for me, Madge," Kate interrupted, proudly; and this time she really felt all the pride and scornfulness she showed. "I feel the hurt, but I'll outlive it. And, trust me, he shall feel the slight he has put upon you as well as on me."

Miss Kelly first turned the key in the door as it closed after her cousin; she then convulsively pressed the letters to her breast and to her lips, and, with an exceeding bitter cry, flung them from her into the furthest corner of the room. A hurricane of feeling—passionate love, jealousy, remorse—shook her from head to foot, tearing her heart twenty different ways at once. If the devil, who must have inspired her, stood by to witness the result of his work, he might have pitied her condition, as, crouched upon the floor, she moaned, wept, and wrung her hands in the extremity of woe.

Miss O'Hara went directly to her own room. She gave her angry heart no time to cool, for within five minutes Captain O'Grady's dismissal was written, sealed, and dispatched. She condescended to no explanation; the only lines in her letter calculated to throw a ray of light on the course she had chosen to adopt contained these words: "In your own conscience you must find both accuser and judge. I will not stoop to charge you with your perfidy." The recipient of this letter was then desired to consider its contents as final, and warned that any reply would be treated with merited contempt. Notwithstanding which, Captain O'Grady did reply, with such warmth and indignation, tempered by lover's tenderness, as would certainly have touched his mistress's heart had she allowed it to reach there. But the young lady was obdurate; the letter was returned unopened, the envelope containing it ostentatiously directed in her own handwriting. From that day she heard nothing further of Captain O'Grady, except that his regiment had been ordered to some distant post; and it required all her courage and pride and natural buoyancy of spirit to enable her to bear up under her grief; for it was a keen grief, but so evenly divided with mortification that wounded pride and vanity enabled her to make a fair show of conquering it.

Norah had finished waiting on Miss Kelly and Miss O'Neill, and returned to Miss O'Hara before that young lady had finished her musings or decided on her toilet for dinner. She looked up as if from a dream, for in that brief while she had lived over again all the events of the past year.

"I forgot to choose a dress, Norah," she said, listlessly, "so you may dress me just as you please. But, on second thoughts"—with a wicked little laugh she said it—"you may make me look as handsome as possible." To herself she added, "He sha'n't think I've been wearing the willow for him."

Norah hastened to obey, and fulfilled her orders in a way to win a smile of approval both for herself and for the lovely image reflected by the glass, before which Miss Kate lingered for some moments to admire and criticise.

It was a picture worth looking at. A robe of dark green velvet embraced the charming figure, sweeping in graceful folds to the floor, and clinging so closely to the rounded waist, it seemed conscious of its own good fortune. The bodice was cut square in front, with lace sleeves falling to the elbow after the fashion of the day, and served to show off to the utmost advantage the ivory whiteness of throat and neck and arms. A single emerald ring, and a tiny butterfly formed from smaller emeralds and pinned in the hair, were the only ornaments she wore. Kate O'Hara's hair was her especial beauty. Abundant, waving, glossy, and of an exquisite bronze-color that shone in the sunlight like molten gold, she wore it simply drawn loosely back from her fair brow, and massed in a classic coil at the back of her shapely head. Her eyes were large and lustrous, of the genuine Irish blue-gray, and fringed with dark lashes to match the arched brows above them. Her complexion was milk of roses and carnation, the color on her cheeks being almost as deep as her ruby lips. She did *not* look like one who had ever worn the willow even for an hour; but to Captain O'Grady she looked to be the handsomest girl in Ireland. Kate's greeting was so admirably blended of courtesy, indifference, and a certain gracious sweetness which characterized her manner, that no one unacquainted with the fact would have guessed that she had ever met her recreant lover before; but in the one glance she bestowed on his handsome face she took in the whole facts in regard to his condition. He was pale and thin, but handsomer, she thought, than ever; and that was much, for Captain O'Grady was an unusually fine-looking man—dark as to hair and eyes, but fair-skinned, with well-shaped, high-bred features, and a bearing so proud and independent it might have been thought haughty, but that it was toned by extreme grace and gentleness in speaking. He had no look of conscious guilt, and the melting reproach in his deep sad eyes had more effect on Kate than she cared to acknowledge, and for the first time suggested to her a doubt of the justice of her own conduct toward him. "Can it be possible that I have been unfair to him—that Madge could have deceived me? But no; I saw his letters; I read them;" and she hardened her heart again, and resolutely avoided his eye all through the dinner. But with that especial gift belonging to her sex of watching people without looking at them, Kate was keenly aware that he was barely courteous to his hostess, on whose right hand he had been placed; and she could not keep down a throb of exultation at seeing how wan and hollow-eyed Miss Kelly looked in contrast to her own glowing beauty.

The dinner was over at last, and Miss Kelly and Miss O'Neill had to bear the business of entertaining the guests; for Kate received all advances to her favor with such smiling indifference that she found herself left alone even more decidedly than she had wished. She challenged her cousin Barry to a game of chess, and found herself checkmated in half a dozen moves. Then she played more carefully, and for half an hour held her own finely, and even promised to checkmate the adversary. But Captain O'Grady became interested in the remarks of his hostess, and moving his chair closer to hers, apparently that he might give her his undivided attention, Kate made a series of blundering moves, and lost the game. Then the young lady was provoked—with herself, however—and seizing a favorable moment, withdrew into the shadow of the heavy window-curtains and mused a while, not altogether pleasantly. She did not exactly watch her cousin and Captain O'Grady; but as she could not help, from where she sat, occasionally looking at them, of course it was equally impossible to avoid noting their demeanor and the expression of their faces. She had been so engaged but a few minutes when the conviction forced itself upon her mind that Captain O'Grady was not and never had been her cousin Madge's lover. His whole bearing, while he listened with courteous attention to Miss Kelly's remarks, proved to the girl whose lover he had really been that between the two people she looked upon there had never been reciprocal attachment, although the woman's passionate love for the man was patent to the most indifferent observer. As the true state of affairs became more and more evident, notwithstanding the letters, which appeared inexplicable, Kate's spirits rose, and she began to feel amused. O'Grady, she became aware, had noticed that she was either absent from the room or else retired to some place beyond his sight, for his gaze anxiously roamed around the apartment, and she knew he was in search of her. Madge, she could see, knew where she was, and although she watched Captain O'Grady's every glance, she avoided looking in the direction which would have enabled him to discover her cousin. The angry passions of the jealous woman seemed wrought up to a pitch intimating that a crisis was not far off, and her companion was dimly conscious of it when from time to time it became necessary for him to look her in the face and meet her eye. Kate had ceased to observe her cousin particularly, and only noticed how determined she was to keep Captain O'Grady from discovering her own place of concealment; and more for the sake of thwarting her than to afford her lover a clew, she mischievously slid forth a dainty satin-slippered foot, to which the love-lorn captain's gaze instantly became riveted. On the very instant of discovering Kate's hiding-place O'Grady determined on his course of action; and with an abrupt apology to his hostess, he crossed the room in three steps, drew the curtain a little to one side, slipped past it, and was in another moment seated in the deep embrasure of the window beside the girl he loved. She started and moved indignantly away from him, but he caught her hand and held it close between both his own.

"Miss O'Hara—Kate!" he said, before she could utter a remonstrance; "you think me rude, presuming; but I have no time to stand on ceremony. I must leave here to-morrow, and as my sole errand in coming was to see and speak with you, I can not go away without accomplishing it. Life is short, and too many of its precious hours have already been wasted between you and me because of some unfortunate misunderstanding. As a gentleman, I suppose I should accept your dismissal, but as a lover, I decline to do it. No, Kate, I love you too honestly, too deeply, to listen to the stings of mortified pride and vanity; and I know, too, that you loved me when you gave me your promise to marry me. I know it so well that I will not insult you by supposing that you could jilt me, like any mere coquette. I could not force you to read my letters, but I insist that you shall hear and answer my words. Look me straight in the face. What is the matter between you and me? Who has parted us?"

Kate found herself looking back into the eyes that fascinated and held her; and her heart throbbed with a delightful triumph, for she knew that only a man who loved her truly could speak to her so; but she was not going to yield without at least the pretense of a struggle.

"Your own falsehood stands between us; you have yourself parted us." But her voice faltered, and her eyelids trembled and drooped beneath his steady look.

"In what way, Kate?"

"Because you have broken faith with my cousin Madge, your betrothed wife."

She wrenched her hand from his grasp, and raised her eyes, with an angry flash, to his; for in saying the words the scene with her cousin rushed back upon her memory, and for a moment she felt convinced of his perfidy.

"I never broke faith with any one, Kate; nor was I ever betrothed to Miss Kelly, nor to any woman save yourself."

"But I saw your letters, Sir, and read them too."

"No, darling, not *my* letters. I never wrote a line to Miss Kelly in my life. Any letters to your cousin purporting to come from me were forgeries."

"Forgeries? Ah, Philip, I never thought of that;" and Captain O'Grady felt a trembling little hand flutter into his, and somehow they were so close together that her head rested against his shoulder, and quite of its own accord his arm held her slender waist.

"Kate," he whispered, reproachfully, "you could condemn me so without allowing me even a word in my own defense, while I—if my own eyes accused you, I would not accept their evidence."

"Philip darling, forgive me. I don't think I did quite believe you were so bad, because if I had, really I must have died, and you see I didn't."

The storm still raged without; the angry wind howled around the house, and blew the pelting rain against the windows, so that not a sound that passed between the lovers could be heard. The gathering gloom of approaching night was rapidly growing to black darkness within the room, and the curtains that shielded the lovers from observation were thick and heavy. Captain O'Grady's dark hair brushed against Kate's bright locks, their lips found each other without the aid of sunlight or moonlight; and Miss Kelly gave the bell an angry ring, and sharply bade the servant bring in candles. When they came, her first glance was toward the window; but Kate was sitting demurely on the opposite side of the room, leaning back in a low arm-chair, and Captain O'Grady was talking with her brother Barry. Miss Kelly was not deceived. She looked from Kate to her lover, and from him back again to Kate; and then an expression of despair unutterable settled darkly on her face, for she knew that only death could part them more.

When Kate retired to her room she meant to remain awake all night to enjoy her happiness; but her heart was light and her couch was soft, and ten minutes after her pretty head touched the pillow she was soundly sleeping. Captain O'Grady being equally happy, but somewhat troubled, sat up far into the night and smoked a meditative pipe. He thought of Madge Kelly, of the strange look he had more than once that evening seen on her face, and for the first time he asked himself, "Does the woman love me, and is she jealous of her cousin?" Then he exclaimed, "Pshaw!" rose impatiently, and throwing aside his evening dress, put on a dressing-gown and slippers that had been placed in his room, and again seated himself before the glowing fire. The candle burned down in the socket, so, to be rid of the odor, he extinguished it; but still sat on gazing into the coals and seeing there fanciful pictures of his future life. Presently he began to doze, and then to nod, and he was fast falling asleep when a strange and peculiar sound caused him to start up broad awake. He listened intently and heard it again. It was a suppressed sob and the sound of smothered weeping. It gave him that sharp and painful thrill that every sensitive person must feel from a similar cause; and he went toward the door, half uncertain whether to open it or not. While he stood uncertain, afraid to alarm the delicacy of the person outside it, he heard a very light footfall and the trail of a woman's skirt, and knew that she had passed on. He thought of Kate—it could not have been she. Miss Kelly? Impossible! But some impulse compelled him to examine the mystery, and noiselessly opening the door, he stepped into the corridor and saw a white figure, holding aloft a candle, just vanishing around a turning half-way along the hall. He distinctly recognized Miss Kelly, and there was that in her gliding figure and swift steps that sent such terror to his heart as he had never known before, and winged his feet in their pursuit of her. He knew that Kate's room lay but a few yards beyond, and now when he came within sight of it he saw Miss Kelly's white figure disappear. He almost flew forward, and yet to himself he scarcely seemed to move; but in another moment he too was in Kate's room. Not an instant too soon, for already the gleaming dagger was held above the heart that loved him, and was even then descending, when he caught Madge Kelly's arm in a grasp of iron. In the same instant Kate's eyes unclosed, and she uttered a piercing cry. O'Grady sprang to her and caught her in his arms.

"You are not hurt, my darling? Speak to me!" But Kate's answer was another and wilder cry, as she flung herself toward her cousin and tried to hold the desperate woman. It was too late. Madge Kelly had but changed the direction of her blow, and the dagger was buried to the hilt in her own bosom.

Kate went into violent hysterics; shriek after shriek re-echoed over the whole house, till every inmate was roused, and father, brother, sisters, friends, servants, all rushed to the scene of the tragedy. But assistance was useless. Madge Kelly was fatally wounded. She lived about fifteen minutes. Kate at length controlled herself sufficiently to listen to her dying words, slowly and painfully gasped forth: "Those letters, Kate—I wrote them myself. When I saw that he would not love me, I think my brain was crazed. I learned to imitate his writing so perfectly that, to cheat my foolish heart, I wrote to myself—from him, you understand. As years went on, there were times when I really believed he had written those letters to me. As years went on, I was almost happy, cheating myself into the belief that all was real that I chose to imagine. Then you came with news of your engagement, and that maddened me. I parted you; I would have done it at any cost. To-night I saw that all was explained, and my soul left me. I would have killed you, Kate—I would have gladly killed you. But now a cloud seems lifted from my spirit. Try to forgive me, Kate dear. I hope you may be happy."

They were the last words—so low that only Kate heard them, and she was weeping bitterly in her lover's arms. But she withdrew from his embrace to bend over the dying woman; she kissed the cold white lips that smiled in thanks, and the troubled brain and weary heart passed into everlasting rest.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent festival in Florence in connection with the celebration of the fourth centennial of the birth of Michaël Angelo has been the means of bringing directly before the public many new facts respecting the life and character of Italy's greatest sculptor. The new works, compiled by the aid of letters and documents bequeathed to the city of Florence by Cosimo Buonarotti, consist of no less than nine quarto volumes, bound in vellum—six volumes containing chiefly letters to the artist, and three his own letters to his family and friends. Perhaps the world is largely indebted to a woman for the preservation of these documents, as well as for the Michael Angelo Gallery bequeathed to Florence. It appears that Cosimo Bunonarotti married, in 1814, Rosina Vendramin, a native of London, who after her marriage devoted herself to the memory of her husband's great ancestor. She spent much time in the rooms containing his possessions, copying letters, cleaning and classifying designs and sketches, etc. One day, in an old bureau which had not been opened, probably, since the sculptor's death, she found a number of wax models, among which was the model of "David." At her earnest request Cosimo Buonarotti bequeathed the Michael Angelo Gallery to his native city, and she herself left 20,000 francs for its maintenance. By a clause in the will, which was dated February 9, 1858, the public were not to have access to the archives; but this difficulty seems to have been overcome in some way, for a catalogue of all the documents has been made, a complete edition of Michael Angelo's poems published, and finally these new volumes appear, containing letters to and from the artist, a complete chronological list of sculptures, paintings, frescoes, and designs, particulars concerning his ancestors and descendants, and many other interesting details.

A call is made for an "American Plimsoll," suggested by the recent lake disasters. These disasters are really but a repetition of what occurs every fall when rough winds blow and violent storms rage. It is true that the register of lake vessels for 1875 makes only ten out of the 1527 vessels as unseaworthy. But what is the record of losses in past years? It is stated that in 1868 113 vessels and 380 persons were lost on the lakes. The list of 1871 was more than double that of 1868, owing to terrific storms; and in 1874, although the loss was less, an immense amount of property was destroyed, and hundreds of lives sacrificed. There is no doubt that unsafe vessels are continually upon the great lakes, and that many are overloaded; and it is worthy of the most serious investigation to ascertain what proportion of these great losses is owing to natural causes against which it is impossible to guard, and how much to reckless risks.

Among the advantages offered to members of the New York Young Men's Christian Association are a course of thirteen lectures; the use of a large library and a well-furnished reading-room; classes in the languages, in penmanship, book-keeping, and music; a gymnasium, bowling-alley, and baths; a literary society, and monthly social receptions.

Among the statistics given at the homœopathic semi-centennial in this city were some indicating the gradual but steady increase of adherents to this system of medical practice. In 1825 Dr. Gram commenced practicing in this city amidst much opposition and ridicule. In 1848 the number of physicians in the city had increased to thirty-nine. In 1857 there were no less than 1481 homœopathic physicians in the United States, and now there are over five thousand.

The much-talked-of visit of the Prince of Wales to India has caused a poet of that country to break forth into song. The poem is in Persian, and the following is the first stanza, being an exact transliteration by the principal of the Government College, Lahore:

> "Hazár-o hashtsad haftád ba-pantsh
> ze-sále l'sawí aktúber ez-máh
> zLandan shud ba-Hind án sheh ke bá hed
> Prinse Wels-o Bertani shahinsháh."

Just at the time when Westervelt was convicted of conspiracy in the kidnaping and concealment of Charley Ross, a little boy three years old mysteriously disappeared from the sidewalk in front of his father's store and dwelling, in Greenwich Street, in this city. It was early in the afternoon, and the mother, who had given the child permission to go out, thought nothing strange of his absence for an hour or so. But when, after that time, he did not return, and she could not find him, she became thoroughly alarmed. Unavailing search was made, the police were notified, but at the time of writing this paragraph the boy is still missing, and is believed to have been kidnaped.

Many Texan merchants were in New York city when the news of the hurricane and floods on the coast of Texas arrived, but they speedily departed for their homes. Some of those who were familiar with the situation of Galveston stated that almost every one living there expected a flood periodically; and that it was almost, if not wholly, an impossibility to furnish the city with protection against the water on such occasions. The city occupies the part of the island most exposed to the waters of the bay. When winds prevail a long time, the lower part of the city is often flooded. In 1837 and in 1867 hurricanes similar to the recent one visited the Gulf, and the island was flooded, causing immense damage.

Two bold burglars, who entered a house in this city last August, and were caught in the act, have been sentenced by Recorder Hackett to the State-prison, the one for ten years, the other for nine, one year being taken off in consideration of what he had already suffered from injuries received at the time of his arrest.

About the middle of September an Indian international fair attracted much attention at Muskogee, Indian Territory. The exhibitions were various, and some of them of a novel character. The first prize for ladies' equestrianship was contested by seven, and was awarded to Miss Mary Brower, a Cherokee. There were thirteen contestants for the second prize, but the chief interest centred in the race for the third prize, which was ridden by three full-blooded Indian girls. They wore their native costumes, with bows and quivers slung over their shoulders. The Indian judges who had been selected declined to act when the riders were brought up to the stand to receive the award; and when other judges were substituted, they failed to decide on the first trial, and the contestants were required to exhibit for a third time, much to the delight of the spectators. The prize was finally awarded to Mineyea, the Cheyenne, the young wife of M'Kusker, the interpreter.

Although, according to report, the town of Vetasco, Texas, was entirely swept away by the great Gulf storm, so that not a house remained to indicate where it stood, not a life was lost. The story how 173 persons were saved reads like some wild romance. When the surging sea had entirely surrounded the place, and the beating billows began to invade the houses, the entire population took refuge in the upper rooms of the largest building in town. But soon it became apparent that even that building would be swept away. By means of a small boat, the men succeeded in getting the women and children into a schooner, and then followed themselves. The schooner was lashed to one tree and then another, as they were torn up by the roots, and thus outrode the storm.

A Paris journal, alluding to the insurrection in the East, does not give Frenchmen much credit for knowledge of geography. It remarks: "More than one Parisian is totally ignorant of what Herzegovina is. Some fancy that it is a woman who dances at the opera and is gaining great success; others think that it is a new kind of piano, to which its inventor, M. Herz, has given his name. Others, who hear that the Herzegovina is in a blaze, suppose that it refers to a great lucifer factory worked by the new régime." Then follows a detailed account of the exact location of Herzegovina in European Turkey. But, after all, we fancy that "more than one" New Yorker might have been "totally ignorant" of the whereabouts of Herzegovina before the present insurrection had brought the country so prominently to public view.

It is related that soon after the advent of homœopathy in the New England States an unknown German physician made his appearance in Hartford, Connecticut, and taught and practiced the system of Hahnemann. His name was not divulged, and his strange and reticent manners surrounded him with mystery. He obtained the *sobriquet* of "Rain-water Doctor," because he always gave his medicine in rain-water. This eccentric physician took no fees from his patients, but gave his advice gratis, on condition that they would buy one of his tracts, which contained his views on the practice of medicine. After a few years he disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Three children in Newark were recently terribly burned. The parents were absent from the house several hours, and left together two little twin girls, aged five years, and a younger sister, three years old. The fire went out in the stove, and the children attempted to rekindle it. In this effort they imitated the example of their mother, and poured a quantity of kerosene into the stove, as they had seen her do. Doubtless they poured in more than she would have done, for when the match was applied, the top of the stove was instantly blown off, and the little experimenters enveloped in flames. Their screams brought immediate assistance, but one was fatally injured, and the others badly burned. Such an accident as this carries its own lesson; but lessons from kerosene oil accidents are seldom learned except by a bitter personal experience.

The following characteristic incident is related of Andrew Johnson. In 1855, when he was renominated for Governor of Tennessee, the opposing party was very bitter in its campaign against him, and threats of personal violence were frequently made. On one occasion, while he was "stumping" the State, he appeared at a meeting with a revolver in his hand. Laying it upon the table, he said: "Fellow-citizens, I have been informed that part of the business to be transacted on the present occasion is the assassination of the individual who now has the honor of addressing you. I respectfully propose that this be the first business in order. Therefore, if any man has come here to-night for the purpose indicated, I do not say to him, let him speak, but let him shoot." He paused a moment, with his hand on his pistol, and then said: "Gentlemen, it appears that I have been misinformed. I will now proceed to address you on the subject which has brought us together."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old sailor, passing through a grave-yard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd own it."

Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "The fact is, deacon, that I may swear a great deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us means any thing by it." The deacon alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

Quite recently a short-sighted husband saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and wishing to preserve them from fading, placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet" half an hour afterward, she gave one piercing scream, and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband had mistaken her new bonnet, with its abundance of flowers, for a freshly culled bouquet.

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words, they generally use low language.

A clergyman, having been inducted into a living in Kent, took occasion during his first sermon to introduce the word "optics." At the conclusion of the service a farmer who was present thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a small mistake in one word, softening down at the same time the severity of his criticism by saying, "Yet we all knew very well, Sir, what you meant." On the clergyman's making further inquiries about this word, the farmer replied, "What you called hop-sticks, in this part of the country we call hop-poles."

When a householder, struggling to get a panel bedstead down stairs, loses his grip on the railing, brings up against the hall door, and the bedstead brings up against him, nine wives out of ten will open the sitting-room door and mildly inquire, "Richard, didn't I hear something fall?"

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

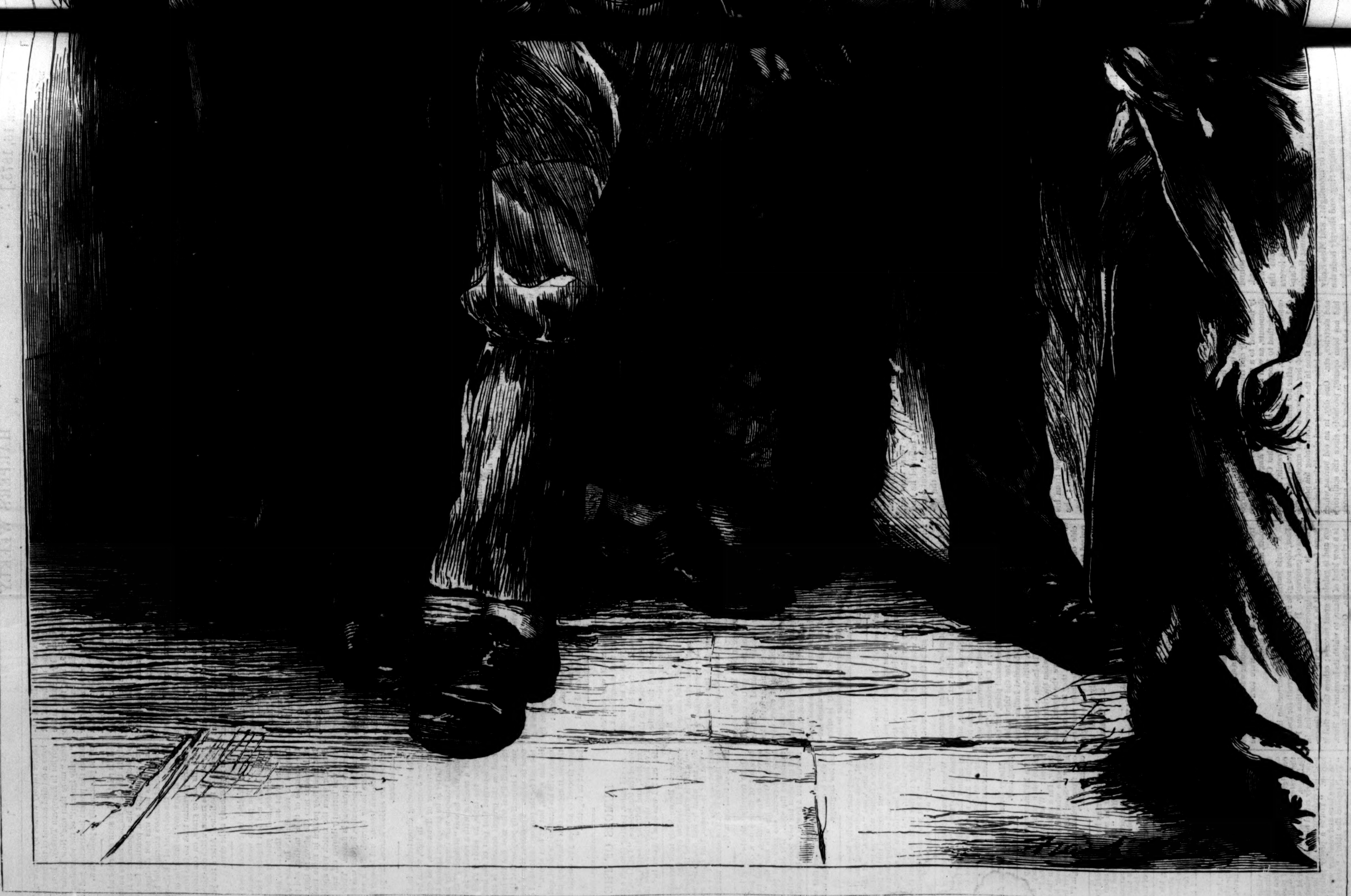
An Irishman was brought up before a justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned: "What trade are you?" "Sure, now, yer honor, I'm a sailor." "You in the sea-faring line? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life." "Sure, now, and does yer honor think I came over from Ireland in a waggin?" "Commit him—commit him."

A countryman brought a board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "the board is much too short for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's bad," he said; "but look 'e, Sir, you can let his ankles hang over the edge of the board."

A boy was sent for a doctor, his mother being very ill, when, looking down the street, he saw a great crowd. Then came a struggle between duty and curiosity; but he finally started for the crowd, saying, "The old lady's badly off, but I know she wouldn't want me to miss that fight."

A somewhat illiterate woman, having read in a poem about a simoom that "swept the plains," is urging her husband to get one of "them new-fangled things" for her to use in her kitchen.

A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Boston, finding that the diminution of his stack of wood continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clew to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folk should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I'm asleep!" "Yes," replied the thief; "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my neck with lifting before you'd offer to come and help me!"



THE DESERTER.

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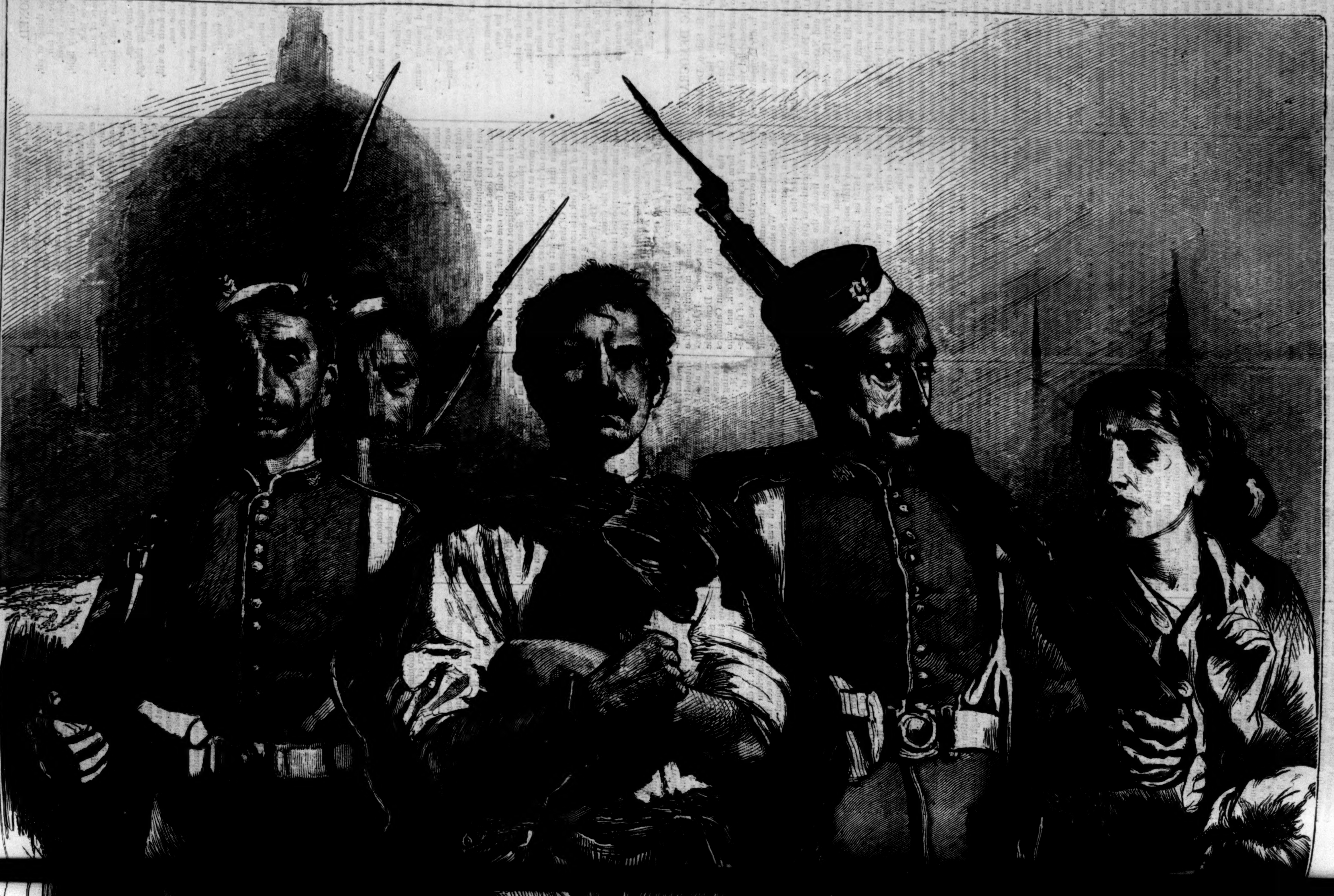


IMPRISONED.

Formless, shapeless things of air,
Sweet, fantastic, pure, and fair,
Gleaming oft like jewels bright,
Sometimes flushed with rosy light,
Ghastly oft with faces pale,
Warlike, clad in coats of mail,
Weeping sometimes like the rain,
Flit they through the poet's brain.

Ceaseless move the tiny wings,
Restless, helpless, struggling things,
Moving always, never still,
Wandering back and forth at will,
Ever changing like the sea,
Striving always to be free,
Wrestling for the foremost place,
Round and round the fancies chase.

Each one hath a tiny voice;
Some will weep and some rejoice;
And the song each fancy sings
Tells the poet wondrous things;
Harmony and discord meet,
Wordless songs with music sweet;
Some with joy and pleasure swell,
Some of pain and torture tell.

And their songs are all in vain,
Locked within the poet's brain;
Other things have form and shape,
And each fancy would escape:
Yearning, longing, prisoned there,
Sorrow, pain, and pleasure rare,
They would have a place on earth,
But no power can give them birth.

Dashing 'gainst their prison wall,
All in vain the fancies call:
"Oh, with power and passion warm,
Poet, give us shape and form;
Seize thy tablets, take thy pen—
We would reach the souls of men—
Clothe us in a worthy dress,
Show the world our loveliness!"

And the poet hears them cry;
But the fire within his eye,
Brilliant as the starry light
Gleaming on the world at night,
That the fancies shed on him,
Fades away in shadows dim:
Not through tongue or pen can he
Set the prisoned fancies free.

All his words are poor and weak,
Not like those that they would speak;
Still the quivering lips are dumb
When the eager fancies come,
And to answer their demands
Helpless lie the poet-hands,
And within their prison wall
Ever vainly must they call.

ROMAN CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY.

An Irish Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Moriarty, of the Synod of Maynooth, has recently unfolded the new policy which Dr. Cullen and his prelates are about to enter upon, and by which they hope to win an unprecedented victory for the Papal Church. It is to ally themselves with the Irish democracy, and to seize upon the instruments of popular education. Heretofore the papal rulers have looked chiefly to the royalty and aristocracy of Europe for the support of their Church. An Isabella, a Don Carlos, the Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Napoleons, have been the favored allies of Pius IX., covered with his blessings or adorned with his gifts. The Pope has never concealed his fondness for royalty, his dislike for republics and the notion of human equality, and it can scarcely be with his assent that the Irish prelates will venture to connect themselves with the genius of revolution and the spirit of reform. But Pius IX. must pass away, and Dr. Moriarty intimates that in future his Church must seek among the democracy that support which it has lost forever among European princes, and must court that progressive party from which in Europe it has always shrunk in natural alarm. He suggests that the example of the Irish branch of the Roman Church in allying itself with the revolutionary leaders will be followed in the other European states, and he evidently fancies that the democracy will form a ready union with the princely dignitaries and the absolute head of the papal see. Yet he scarcely conceals his consciousness that the "Church" in this unprecedented league means to consult only its own interests, or that it will betray the revolutionary leaders to their ruin whenever it is enabled by their aid to establish its own absolute power.

Dr. Moriarty has plainly been inflamed and enlightened by the example of the political priests of Ohio and New York. He has probably heard of the rich streams of wealth that have flowed in upon Roman Catholic protectories, orphan asylums, foundling hospitals, and parochial schools at the hands of the New York Democracy. Ireland, no doubt, feels some natural exultation at the good luck that has awaited its least thrifty emigrants, and Tipperary and Connaught are said to have shared the gains of some of the noted names of the New York Ring. No more profitable alliance could be found than that of Democratic politicians whose fingers are accustomed to extract money from the city treasury in boards of public works, charities, and a ceaseless range of street openings, and who are always willing to win the absolution of "the Church" by liberal benefactions. No wonder the Synod of Maynooth has found a new love for the democracy, and is willing to cast in its fortunes with its profuse benefactor. But in Europe, and even in Ireland, its success in its new policy is scarcely probable. European democrats have felt too often and too long the iron hand of the Papal Church and its fearful cruelty to join it in a crusade against knowledge and good order. All ages have witnessed the strife between the papacy and the people. Spanish priests extirpated their Protestant democracy with the flames of the Inquisition. French cardinals exulted in the tortures of Huguenot republicans. The College of Cardinals, by a general plunder and massacre, expelled every trace of progressive reform from Italy. The Papal Church has been the chief obstacle every where in the way of the progress of the people. It has kept France, Italy, and Spain in barbarous ignorance, and forbidden Ireland to learn humanity and tolerance in its national schools. Under Napoleon's rule it exported democrats to Cayenne, and under Pius IX. shot down Italian reformers at Mentana; and European republicans, who have felt so often the bitter hate of priests and Jesuits, will reject with horror the alliance proposed by the Synod of Maynooth.

It is only in the New World that the political priesthood have been suffered to assume the garb of democrats and reformers, and it is here that the Synod of Maynooth plainly looks for its chief successes. Cardinals Manning and Cullen and the Pope have too long aspired to rule by royalty and nobility to entertain any real hope of sympathy from the friends of the people, but they are willing to permit American priests to enter upon the political field as the advocates of repudiation and the allies of slavery. Here they may assume the name of Democrat without incurring any of the odium with which it is held in the conservative and reactionary circles of Europe. Our Democratic party is, in fact, already a European and a reactionary party. There is nothing the Democratic leaders are so anxious to conceal as their tacit or open league with the Papal Church and European conservatives. Not a Democratic editor but denies or hides the most alarming trait in our political contests. Not a word is suffered to escape the lips of Democratic orators of the fact that their party is founded upon a solid basis of ultramontanism. Yet it is one that no Republican editor or speaker can ever suffer to be lost sight of for a moment—one that should be told from one end of the Union to the other to every intelligent voter. But for its close-ranked phalanx of Roman Catholic supporters who move at the bidding of the Pope, what would remain of the party of Tilden and O'Conor? It is plain that it would be left in a poor and perpetual minority. Of the Democratic vote of the State of New York it is not a high estimate to compute that nearly one-half is under the direct rule of the papacy. The Irish and German Catholic population of the cities, towns, and villages sustain almost unsupported the burden of every Democratic victory. A few wealthy native-born or foreign citizens may lead them on to the fair fields of plunder. A few misguided Americans and Germans may confide in the guidance of Tilden and Tammany Hall, but their number is so small as to excite a real surprise when compared with the overwhelming majority of the Republicans among the native-born. If, for example, we could deduct from the Democratic vote the 150,000 or 175,000 Roman Catholics who form its strength in New York, and who never fail to swell the meagre ranks of the Democracy in every town, village, or city, we should find the Democrats numbering just about one-half the Republicans. We should have invariably Republican Governors, Senators, mayors; we should have escaped the robberies of Tweed and the misappropriation of the Sinking Fund at Albany, the canal frauds, the decay of public morals, the decline and danger of education. We should never have been terrified by the spectacle of Tammany Hall and its disreputable leaders once more in 1875 let loose to plunder New York under the protection of Tilden and O'Conor, and laboring to cover with irremediable debt our hopeless city. All this we owe to the papal vote, and in Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, and every other State where the Roman Catholic population is considerable, the same results follow. Every ultramontane is a Democrat, and every ultramontane and Democratic victory means the plunder of the industrious citizens. In Ohio the ultramontanes elected a Legislature that sold its votes for bribes of fifty or a hundred dollars. In Maryland the robberies committed by the ultramontane leaders have become so notorious that even the Protestant Democrats are separating from them for very shame. Baltimore, it is discovered, is in as bad a condition as was New York under Tweed. Every where when the clerical and Democratic party wins the control it shows the same fatal element of immorality, fills up the treasuries of papal asylums and cathedrals from the public funds, and purchases the support of the priesthood by a shameful subservience.

For the interests of knowledge, morals, and the safety of the nation it is necessary that this papal faction should first be overthrown before any real work of reform can be entered upon, or any lasting improvement in our condition be assured. And at the November election the contest in New York will be between the papal priests and the people. Every Democratic editor and orator will endeavor to hide the true meaning of the controversy. Tilden and Tammany Hall will seek to insnare the Protestant Democracy in an alliance with the ultramontanes, and cajole or terrify a few feeble Republicans. But the two parties were never more distinctly defined. On the one side the Republicans represent honesty, progress, education. Under Dix they reformed the State, under Havemeyer they saved the city. Under a Republican rule neither State nor city need fear that its rulers are disreputable either in themselves or their allies, and that the power of a Roman priest may be exercised in American politics. No Republican candidate has sold himself for the Catholic vote, or is forced, like Senator Thurman, of Ohio, to apologize for the absurd arrogance of his priestly supporters. Every vote given for a Republican candidate is a well-aimed blow at papal aggression, every Republican victory an assurance that the people of the New World mean to manage their own affairs untrammeled by the dictation of the Roman bishop. It is a revival of the old Saxon spirit of national independence. When the Gregorys or Innocents demanded from our ancestors the control of their civil affairs, the Anglo-Saxons cried out from age to age, "We will not change the laws of England." Something of the same spirit stirred the Republican Convention when, amidst a round of cheers, it placed foremost among its aims the defense of the common schools. Popes and priests may clamor for their destruction, but every Republican victory proclaims that no European priest or potentate will be suffered to rule on the American continent.

A Democratic success, so strangely are our politics mingled with those of Europe, means only new concessions to the papal power. Already, under Democratic influences, we have made such compliances with the demands of the Pope as no European government except ultramontane France would tolerate. At the command of the Pope, and in opposition to the wishes of the great majority of our people, we have banished the Bible from a large part of our public schools. We have founded at the public expense, in various cities, monasteries, nunneries, and schools designed to propagate the papal faith and propitiate the Roman Catholic Democracy. Our civil laws have been made to bend to the will of a foreign priest, and we can no longer say that the papal influence has not controlled our elections or tainted the current of our freedom. It is time to check forever this fatal subservience. On Ohio and New York will rest the first strokes of the contest, and with the fall of the papal Democracy, of Allen and Thurman, Tilden and O'Conor, New York and Cincinnati will escape from their plunderers, and the nation feel a new impulse toward honesty and progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Geographical Magazine* for August contains an abstract from the report of the Russian Geographical Society upon the Olena expedition, which left Irkutsk, under the direction of Cherandoski and Müller, in 1873, for the purpose of penetrating to the sources of the Olena River, and thence to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This was carried on with varying success, and on the 1st of November, 1874, the travelers reached the mouth of the Olena, having thus completed the first part of the enterprise.

No very recent information has been published in regard to the operations of the present year, but it was expected that the basins of the Anabara and Khatanga would be investigated.

This expedition has added a great deal to the knowledge of the geography of Siberia, and the magnetical observations have developed the important fact that the Siberian pole of greatest intensity is between latitude 64° and 65° N. and in about longitude 112° E., and just about 7° west and south of the position assigned to it by Gauss. The minimum temperature observed during the expedition was —49°, in latitude 61° 30′ N.; the absolute maximum was 82° 36′, on the 1st of June, in latitude 66° 26′. The expedition crossed the polar limits of several trees. The silver-poplar first disappeared, then the silver-fir, in latitude 60° 50′. The birch was found as far north as latitude 63° only.

M. Paul Bert has exhibited at a meeting of the Biological Society of Paris a series of experiments on the coloration of the chameleons, bearing especially upon the changes of color produced if one or both eyes be extirpated. If a single eye be removed, the animal does not exhibit any change of color on the wounded side. If the light be brought to it, a very slow change of color takes place, and subsequently in that of the uninjured side. If both eyes be cut, a change of color on the two sides occurs under the influence of fierce excitements.

It had previously been ascertained by M. Bert that, on removing the right hemisphere of the brain of the chameleon, the animal only made use of the members of the left side, and after taking away the left hemisphere, then it could use the members of both sides.

This phenomenon seemed to indicate that to the chameleon is given in a measure a double being, that is to say, that the voluntary movements seem to recognize two centres, corresponding each to movement, coloration, and to sensations of the analogous side.

The awards at the Geographical Congress lately in session, to Americans, consisted of letters of distinction—the highest—to the Secretary of the Navy and to General Myer; first-class medals to General Francis A. Walker, Dr. Hayden, and the Bureau of Statistics; second-class medals to the Committee of Emigration and to the officers of the *Tuscarora*.

The opinion is daily growing more decided among those who are well informed that the gases which are constantly escaping from innumerable wells throughout the oil region of Pennsylvania and adjacent States represent a value but little if at all inferior to the oil itself. The next step after the realization of this fact is its utilization, and, from occasional paragraphs that from time to time appear, there is reason to believe that the industrial employment of this material, of which inestimable volumes have for years been permitted to pass uselessly into the air, will soon become very general. In a few instances the wells have been tubed, and their product utilized with most satisfactory results. We add herewith the following from the *National Oil Journal*, which indicates that some progress is being made in this important field. The *Journal* remarks that the yield of the few gas wells that have been tubed indicates that the quantity of the product is enormous beyond computation. A gas well near Sarnersville, in the Butler oil region, flows with a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, and is roughly estimated to yield a million cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours; and this is only one of many large gas wells and almost numberless small ones, for it must be remembered that every well which produces oil yields gas also. A survey has just been completed for a line of pipe from Sarnersville to Pittsburg, a distance of about seventeen miles. It is proposed to lay a six-inch pipe between the points named, and to supply the gas to the manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg as a substitute for coal.

The salmon trade on the Columbia River during the season of 1875 has been one of remarkable prosperity, the unfavorable indications at the outset not having been continued. Of fourteen canning establishments on the river twelve were in operation, and put up in all 275,000 cases, each case containing four dozen one-pound cans, the largest number being put up by A. Booth & Co., at Astoria, or 34,000 cases. A large quantity of fish has also been packed in tierces and barrels, the weight of which has not been given.

An important addition has been made to the usual treatment of these fish in the utilization of the heads for the purpose of extracting the oil, about 9000 gallons having been obtained by Messrs. Watson & Co., of Manhattan, which was put up in five-gallon tin cans. It is probable, too, that the offal generally will all be utilized ultimately for oil and manure. The prices so far realized for the salmon have been better than in 1874, amounting to from $1 30 to $1 35 per dozen this year, as contrasted with $1 05 per dozen last year.

According to the *Revue Industrielle* the best method of rendering faded manuscript legible consists in moistening the paper first with water, and then dipping it in a solution of sulphohydrate of ammonia. The ink is said to re-appear immediately, becoming very distinct, and remaining permanent on parchment. Certain parchments treated in this way ten years ago still maintain their legibility. This result is due to the fact that by the action of sulphohydrate of ammonia the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed into a very black sulphuret.

The principal time-piece of the Paris Observatory is located in the catacombs, so as to be free from the disturbing influence of all surface vibrations, and by it are regulated all the numerous clocks employed in the observatory. It is described as an instrument of such precision that it scarcely varies to the extent of one second in a twelvemonth. A proposition, it appears, has just been made by M. Leverrier, the director of the observatory, to place all the public clocks throughout Paris in direct connection with this time-piece. He proposes to lay a telegraph wire which shall connect the regulator of the observatory with the clock of the Luxembourg Palace, now used for the Prefecture of the Seine and the Municipal Council; and that time-keeper in turn, it is proposed, shall be put in electrical communication with those at the Bourse, Palais de Justice, mairies of all the arrondissements of the city, churches, and other public buildings. The scheme here described, it is announced, will shortly be presented to the Municipal Council for approval and adoption.

According to careful barometrical leveling between the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, conducted in 1874, the mean height of the latter above the former is 242.77 feet, and 157 feet above the Black Sea. Heretofore the height of the Aral above the Black Sea was supposed not to exceed twenty-seven feet.

Dr. Carpenter, in discussing the observations made by the American vessel, the *Tuscarora*, in the deep seas between the United States and Japan, infers the general want of that sub-surface stratum of above 40° F. which in the North Atlantic, with the same or yet higher parallels, has a thickness of at least 500 fathoms. The true cause of this peculiarity is that the North Pacific derives its deep stratum of glacial water, which nearly fills its basin, from the polar area of the opposite hemisphere, the inlet at Behring Straits being too narrow and too shallow to admit a flow of water of any appreciable importance. This northward flow of the water from the equator must have, as its complement, a movement of the superficial stratum from the northernmost limit of this flow *toward* the equator, and thence toward the southern pole. The glacial current when it reaches the North Pacific comes nearer the surface than it does in the Southern Ocean, even in the higher latitudes; and this, modifying still further the reflux surface flow toward the equator, appears to account for the well-known moderation of the climate of the Sandwich Islands, though they lie within the tropic of Cancer.

In the course of the meeting of the Geographical Congress in Paris, Professor Van Béneden made a communication on the migratory habits of whales. As a deduction from his observations on the occurrence of whales, the professor was led to believe that a very large extent of open water exists within the unknown polar sea.

The French Minister of Public Works has published a valuable body of statistics of boiler explosions and their effects for the five years ending with 1872, of which the following is a condensed statement. During this time there occurred in France 97 explosions, by which 92 lives were lost and 124 persons injured. The accidents were divided as follows: 8 occurred in metallurgical works, 4 in mines, 1 in a quarry, 4 on railways, 5 on boats, 17 in spinning, carding, and weaving shops, 3 in saw-mills, 5 in sugar-houses, 4 in paper-works, 4 in distilleries, 5 in flour mills, 5 in connection with threshing, and 32 in miscellaneous works of every description. The explosions occurred 42 times in horizontal cylindrical boilers, with or without water tubes; 20 with the same form of boiler with interior furnace, and tubular; 4 in same form, and non-tubular; 7 times in vertical cylindrical boilers; 1 with a return flue; and 23 times in various other forms of boilers. Of the 97 explosions, 62 are reported to have been due to want of proper supervision, negligence, or imprudence, 8 to unavoidable accidents, and 19 to faulty construction.

A report has recently been made by Captain Roudaire, charged by the French government with the investigation of the possibility of converting the interior of Algeria into a sea, to which enterprise frequent reference has been already made in our columns. An appropriation of $2500 was made by the National Assembly of France, in 1874, for the special inquiry, and a commission was selected, of which ROUDAIRE was placed in charge. The special object was to determine carefully, by leveling, the area that it was thought could be flooded by cutting away the barriers and introducing the water of the Mediterranean.

The party left Biskra on the 22d of December, and in a few days reached the station of Chegga, the altitude of which had already been determined in 1873. The work was prosecuted with great care, and continued until April, 1875, at which time the party returned to its starting-point, after traversing a distance of 650 kilometers.

The general result of the investigation went to show that there was a superficies of 6000 square kilometers capable of inundation, embraced between 34° 36′ and 33° 51′ north latitude and 3° 40′ and 3° 51′ east longitude. In the central portion the depth below the level of the sea varies from twenty to twenty-seven meters. None of the large and beautiful oases of Souf would be submerged, Debila, the lowest of all, being fifty-eight meters in altitude. In the Oued Rhir the very inconsiderable and valueless oases of Necira and Dendouga would alone be covered.

The fear had been expressed that the invasion by the sea of the Chott Melrir would produce an infiltration, and thus destroy a portion of the wells that fertilize the oasis. There being a large number of the wells situated not only in the Souf, but in the region around and in the vicinity of the basin of depression, it was found that they were all, without exception, fed from a stream above the level of the sea.

It was not thought practicable to investigate the frontier of Tunis, and consequently only the western point of the Chott Rharsa could be examined. It was ascertained, however, that this chott was below the level of the Mediterranean, and that it has a decided inclination toward the Gulf of Gabes. It was also found that the deepest basins of the Chott Melrir and of the Chott Rharsa, although united by the Chott Asloudj, had no direct communication at the present time, being cut off by sand downs. The distance, however, between the two basins is but about twenty kilometers, and could be easily opened by a canal. The plan would be to fill the Chott Rharsa and then unite it to the Chott Melrir by a section, by which the waters, in flowing through, would soon enlarge the passage to the necessary dimensions. The Tunisian and Algerian basins might be inundated successively, the time necessary for filling being notably diminished from the fact that during the first part of the operation the surfaces submitted to evaporation would be reduced by one-half.

Captain ROUDAIRE thinks the general problem of an interior sea will be solved as soon as the Tunisian portion is thoroughly investigated, its depth and the relief of the Isthmus of Gabes throughout its entire extent being necessary. This question, however, is not likely to remain long undetermined, as an Italian commission has been taking levels in that part, and the cost of the work and the possibility, in an economical point of view, of carrying out the stupendous project will be decided. One thing may be considered as fairly settled, although heretofore not of much controversy, namely, the existence of a vast depression capable of being filled with water.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Monday,	1.—All-Saints.
Sunday,	7.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	14.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

THE experiment of a Church Congress of Protestant Episcopalians, which was tried last year, will be repeated this year in the first week of November. The place selected is the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. Bishops STEVENS, COXE, CLARK, LEE, and HUNTINGTON are expected to be present, as also other scholars of the clergy and laity. The following topics will be discussed: 1. "Ministrations of the Church to the Working Classes." 2. "Ultramontanism and Civil Authority." 3. "Best Methods of supplying and preparing Candidates for the Ministry." 4. "Nature and Limitations of Episcopal Authority." 5. "Parochial System and Free Preaching." 6. "Bible Revision." 7. "Mutual Limitations of Scientific and Theological Inquiry." 8. "Church Music." 9. "Best Methods of Promoting Spiritual Life."

The English Church Congress, which was announced to meet October 5-8 at Stoke-upon-Trent, has grown to such dimensions that Stoke will not be able to accommodate the members. All the towns in its vicinity will be subsidized. Twenty-five topics are announced, which will be discussed by ninety-nine speakers. One of the papers, on "Woman's Work in the Service of the Church," is announced to be by Miss YONGE, but it will be read *for* her by a friend. The topics are eminently practical, including such as drunkenness, funeral reform, lay agency, revivals, etc.

The eighteenth anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, which was held in the Middle Dutch Church on the 23d of September, showed an increase rather than an abatement of the public interest in it. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, the business men of the city being largely represented. The Rev. Dr. TALBOT W. CHAMBERS presided. A request for prayer from China was read. Addresses were delivered by Bishop CUMMINS, the Rev. Drs. HASTINGS and TAYLOR, the Rev. Mr. LLOYD, and others.

Lay evangelism spreads in every direction. Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS are holding daily meetings in St. Paul, Minnesota, which are largely attended. A capacious tent is used for the accommodation of the people. Two enthusiastic young men are spoken of as preaching on the sidewalks of Bloomington, Illinois. Two more have been engaged for five or six weeks in conducting services in Madison, Indiana, with great success, according to the reports. The San Francisco correspondent of the *Herald and Presbyter* tells an interesting story of the work of Mr. EDWARD KIMBALL in that city. Mr. KIMBALL was the Sunday-school teacher of D. L. MOODY in Dr. KIRK'S church. Removing for purposes of business a few months since to San Francisco, he began Christian work in the style of his former Sunday-school pupil, and already has awakened a wide-spread interest in the suburbs of the city.

M. THIERS is occupied with the preparation of a work on philosophy, in which he purposes to set forth his views of religion and the supernatural. He rejects the supernaturalism which M. GUIZOT so devoutly held, and denies the necessity of miracles as a means of authenticating the divine.

Guards are still watching the remains of JOSEPH GUIBORD in the Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal. Shots are fired at the watchers on dark nights, and are as promptly returned, but no bodily injury to either side is as yet reported. A motion has been granted by Judge MONDELET ordering the issue of a rule against the curé of Notre Dame and his associates to show cause why they should not be condemned to pay a fine of $2000 for preventing the burial from taking place on September 2, by the closing of the cemetery gates. No date has yet been fixed for another attempt to bury the body of GUIBORD.

The first suit in England under the Public Worship Act has been brought against the Rev. C. J. RIDSDALE, for ritualistic practices.

The German pilgrimage to Lourdes, which threatened to disturb the peaceful relations of France and the Empire, proved to be more Belgian than German. Of the thousand who made up the party, less than one hundred were from Germany. They were dogged by the French police, but really excited very little attention. Their banner contained a legend praying the Virgin to save "the Church and Father-land."

Lieutenant CONDER, of the English exploring expedition in Palestine, has sent home a report of the operations of the year up to the present time. He began, in February last, with the triangulation of 330 square miles of the desert west of the Dead Sea. In June the survey of Galilee was commenced, when the attack made on the surveying party compelled them to change their quarters to Carmel. The area surveyed during the year measures 1200 square miles; as much as 1300 square miles remains to be surveyed in order to complete the exploration of Western Palestine. The discoveries made in 1875 are greater than those of any preceding year.

In his address to the Diocesan Convention of Western New York, Bishop COXE grappled boldly with the objections made to our common schools that they are not Christian. "They are vastly more Christian," he contends, "as they are than any schools where the morals of LIGUORI are inculcated, and there is something of Christianity in the good neighborhood, the 'peace and good-will,' which are promoted among the people by the common education of their children....Had these children [Roman Catholic] lived in Italy, they never would have been schooled at all; and this fact is proof enough that it is not a zeal for education, but only for the perpetuation of ignorance and bondage, which is at the bottom of this crusade against our common schools, dictated by the papal Roman court." President GRANT, in the only speech of any length which he was ever known to make—that to the Army of the Tennessee—has expressed the universal American conviction on the school question in his own terse style: "Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the State or nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate." The respect which the people of the country cherish for General GRANT will insure attention to these emphatic sentences. They will be read in the humble log-cabins of the West as well as in the great centres of intelligence.

The London *Times* comments significantly on the fact that of the six cardinals whose appointment was announced on September 17, five are Italians and one a Frenchman. The cardinals were created last March, but their names were withheld till the late meeting of the Papal Consistory. They are ANTICI-MATTEI, NOBILI-VITELLESCHI, SIMEONI, RANDI, PACCA, and GODEFROY DE ST. MARC. The *Times* calls this "packing" the Sacred College, so as to secure the election of a successor to the liking of PIUS IX. GODEFROY ST. MARC, Archbishop of Rennes, is far inferior to DUPANLOUP, the most energetic of the French bishops. The bestowal of the cardinalate on Monsignor SIMEONI, the nuncio to Spain who has recently demanded the suppression in that country of every form of religion except the Roman Catholic, is a very significant expression of the Pope's opinions.

The New Jersey State canvassers have counted the votes for and against the constitutional amendments. The whole number cast was 96,552. Each received a majority of over 40,000, except the one relative to the rate of interest in five counties, which was carried by over 6000. The Roman Catholic opposition to the school clause did not reach more than 2000 votes.

The Boston *Congregationalist* has tried the ingenious experiment of gathering opinions from many correspondents upon the proper length of sermons. In one number it publishes forty letters on this subject from ministers and laymen. All demand short discourses, and most of them define brevity to mean not over thirty minutes in length. Some of the letters contain very plain speech, which, as coming from the pews, it would be well for ministers to take into consideration.

The celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Portuguese Synagogue of Amsterdam was not accomplished without the exhibition of some illiberal feeling where illiberal feeling would hardly have been expected. The heads of the synagogue sent an invitation to the Consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church of the city to attend on the appointed day. The Consistory replied that "it was impossible for them to take part in a festivity which from the stand-point of their creed must be considered by them rather an object of grief than of joy." They also referred the members of the synagogue to prayer No. 6 of their liturgy, which contains a supplication for the conversion of unbelievers. This ungracious treatment of a kindly meant invitation called out an indignant protest from the minority of the Consistory and other citizens. A far better spirit was shown at the laying of the corner-stone of the Jewish synagogue at Hartford, Connecticut, a few weeks since, when the mayor of the city and several pastors of churches attended. An example of the effect of this liberal treatment of Hebrews, which, we are glad to say, is universal in the United States, may be seen in a notice of the Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL'S new church which appears in the *Jewish Messenger*: "A visit to the church compels the recognition of its moral success, which is of interest to all citizens. The ritual is strikingly simple; there is no choir, a precentor leading the congregation in hymns familiar to the ear and touching to the heart; the respected pastor, dignified and impressive in appearance and manner, conducts the entire service, his eloquent discourse addressing itself to the intellect and appealing to the soul of every auditor."

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF "GILBERT RUGGE," "ARGUS FAIRBAIRN," "A FIRST FRIENDSHIP," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"MR. FLEETWOOD," I began, "what you have just heard comes from the lips of a bad man, who delights in putting the worst construction on—on our misfortunes. But I will tell you the whole story. I owe it to you for the friendship you have shown us."

With shame and trouble I related the circumstances that had attended my brother's departure from home, and the terrible suspicions that attached to his flight.

"I am glad, Miss Gedge, to have heard this story, sad as it is," said Mr. Fleetwood, when I had done. "I am glad that I know at last your brother's secret, and I'm very glad indeed that you treat me as a friend. But, like you, I don't believe him capable of such a crime, though it's no use denying that circumstances are sadly against him, poor fellow!"

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" I interrupted, my tears flowing as I spoke. "It is almost the first time I have heard any one speak kindly of him. They all think him guilty about here."

"They do? Well, then, they are a set of—" The speaker did not finish. Did he feel that, after all, a sister's good opinion of a brother was not very weighty evidence? He looked distressed, as though, while thinking over the story I had just told him, he found in it unpleasant elements of suspicion. But his face cleared again directly, and he did his best to utter some cheerful and encouraging words. As he seemed in no hurry to depart, I, of course, asked him to take some refreshment.

"I will take tea with you, if you will allow me," said he, glancing at my father, who was slowly approaching the house, leaning on his stick. "Unless, that is, I shall be in the way here."

But when my father entered, he paid little or no heed to the stranger's presence—strangers and friends were all alike to him now, alas! He had some confused idea that Mr. Fleetwood was a wool-dealer come to buy our latest shearings, and the way in which he tried to hide his infirmities and discuss in a business-like manner the bargain he believed to be on hand would have been ludicrous had it not been quite distressing. If I had wanted any proof of Mr. Fleetwood's kindliness of heart, I should have found it now in the way in which he accommodated himself to the position, and contrived to put me at my ease, gently humoring my father's fancies, and behaving as though he were an old acquaintance of the house and had sat at our table a score of times. His gentleness even touched me. I could see that he was distressed at the sight of my father's affliction, and he did his best to talk cheerfully. My father soon relapsed into his usual state of imbecile silence, and so the conversation between Mr. Fleetwood and myself was of the nature of a *tête-à-tête*; but I felt in no way embarrassed thereby. The meal passed off more pleasantly than I could have thought possible, considering the agitating occurrences of the afternoon. Mr. Fleetwood had so many pleasant things to tell me about his voyages that I was quite sorry when he rose to go away.

"Well, Miss Gedge," said he, shaking hands with me, "with your leave I shall make it my business to see you again before I join my ship. I am sorry the message I brought you from your brother was not more satisfactory this time than last. He's very sparing of his words, I must confess; but don't lose heart, and if—if that preaching party I caught at his ugly tricks gives you any more trouble, just send me a line to this address near Boston, where I shall be staying a time, and consider I stand in your brother's place, if you please. Good-by." Then he shook my hand again very cordially and took his leave.

The message Mr. Fleetwood had brought me from my brother was simply this: "Tell Dorothy I'm getting on well here and making money. She asked whether I was happy. Tell her I'm as happy as I'm ever likely to be, I suppose."

The same brevity, the same unsatisfactory reticence, as before! The tone of the speech, too, betrayed self-discontent and a mind not at ease. I could extract neither hope nor consolation from these few words, and so never named them to my aunt.

Alas! Aunt Craik and I were on difficult terms just now. My offended suitor had not threatened in vain. Before a week passed Mr. Stang wrote a letter relating the treatment he had received at my hands, and demanding of my aunt immediate repayment of the sums he had advanced to her. A scene followed that distressed me cruelly. My aunt reproached me with a disregard for my duty, and accused me of bringing ruin upon the family. Further letters from Mr. Stang followed, and only complicated our troubles. He threatened to acquaint the magistrates with our connivance at Brail's flight and our knowledge of his present hiding-place. He made allusions to the "Secretary of State," and to "conspiracies," and "suppression of evidence," that nearly frightened Aunt Craik out of her wits. At last he wrote informing us that unless the money were paid within a certain time he should be under the necessity of appealing to the law.

"What! sell us up, does he mean?" cried Aunt Craik, aghast and trembling. "O Lord, we're clean done for now! They'll put in the bailiffs and take the very bedsteads from under us; and the fine linen sheets as is marked wi' my own maiden name will be put up at auction, and the two best beds wi' new ticking and the finest picked goose feathers will be handled over by our neighbors, and p'r'aps go into some dirty woman's house who'll never vally 'em, not she!" And poor Aunt Craik wrung her hands at the thought.

"Ay, there's nothing but the work-house for brother Joshua and me," she continued, as she rocked herself to and fro in a kitchen chair, though it was mid-day and the cooking of the dinner on hand. "I never thought we'd have to be buried by the parish, Dorothy; I've allus reckoned I'd lie by my poor husband in Anderby church-yard; and every 30th of Janiwary, the day as poor Craik died, I've put by a trifle to bury me as I should wish to be buried. But now it must go along wi' the rest; for I couldn't keep money back, as some does when the bailiffs gets in, not even to bury me decent. No, Dorry, there's nothing for me and your poor father now but to lay along wi' the riffraff in Clambeach church-yard, wi' never a grave-stone nor a 'scription over us, though I've chosen my Bible-text long ago, and read it, to my comfort, many a night before I've laid me down to rest, as the Lord knows." And here, overcome with her emotion, Aunt Craik broke down and cried until my heart ached at the sight of her distress.

Things were really growing desperate. We owed money in other quarters, and ruin stared us in the face if Mr. Stang insisted on carrying out his threat. I spent many wretched hours trying to find some way of extricating ourselves from our impending difficulties. To sue for mercy at the hands of our cruel creditor would be useless. Even Aunt Craik saw that, and thanked God I had escaped from the fate she had foreplanned for me, now that she had discovered the man's villainy. I felt so overburdened with our cares that I even began to think that it might be my duty to become Mrs. Lumb after all; for I well knew, by my aunt's plaintive air whenever the subject of our groceries was under discussion, that she still had hopes that I might yield to the seductions of the packets of the best tea and scented soap which had begun to re-appear in her basket on market-days.

It was at this juncture, when I was getting thin and pale with anxiety, and was haunted day and night by that picture of the bailiff in possession which my aunt so graphically painted, that Mr. Fleetwood made his promised re-appearance.

I had been gathering currants and raspberries for a pudding, and was sitting in the arbor under the lilacs to cool myself—for it was a hot summer's morning—when a shadow fell on the path, and I looked up to see Mr. Fleetwood standing before me.

"They told me you were in the garden, and so I came to look for you," said he, holding out his hand. "I hope I haven't frightened you;" for I blushed and almost let my fruit fall. I was thinking of Mr. Fleetwood at that very moment, and wondering whether he would remember that he had promised to come again.

"I am back earlier than I expected," said he, "and I have some very good news to tell you, Miss Gedge."

He had so bright and cheerful an air that it did one good to look at him.

"As I think you take some little interest in my affairs—at least I hope so," he went on—"I've come over on purpose to tell you this news, though I must be quick about it, having to start for Liverpool as soon as I've told it."

I assured Mr. Fleetwood that he was not wrong in supposing that I took an interest in his affairs.

"Well, then, this is it, Miss Gedge. I've got a letter from our people—I mean the ship-owners at Liverpool—offering me the command of one of their new vessels—and a beauty she is; I saw her in the docks with a longing eye, I can tell you, little thinking I should be her first commander, though. So I'm off yonder as quick as I can go, and shall have plenty of business on hand for the next three weeks."

The pride and satisfaction with which the speaker disclosed the news would have roused the interest of the coldest listener. It would have been a poor heart that refused to share in this honorable joy, whatever its own troubles.

"Thank you, Miss Gedge. I knew you would be pleased," said Mr. Fleetwood, smiling. "Her name? Ah, that's the only drawback to her. They have christened her already, and I should have liked the first ship I commanded to have been called—you'll excuse me, I hope—the *Dorothea*. But here I am, talking of nothing but my own affairs, and never asking how you have been getting on. You look rather pale and down-hearted—why, Miss Gedge, what's the matter?"

I could not help it. I tried hard not to let them, but the tears would come; and there I was, crying away as usual. How annoying it was! It seemed I was never to have an interview with Mr. Fleetwood without behaving in this absurd way. Each time we had met had I shed tears; and yet I am sure I was not lachrymose by nature, and was more often accused of an insensibility that was considered unfeminine. But there are some voices and some little speeches that touch us, we don't know why.

"I am very unhappy," I sobbed; "but you—you can't help us, though I'm sure you would if you could."

"But I'm to stand in your brother's place, you know. If you'll tell me what's amiss, I'll give you the best advice I can."

I had such confidence in that honest voice that I raised my head and told our troubles to the end. When I had finished, Mr. Fleetwood, after a little pause, said:

"My advice, Miss Gedge, is this—that you hold no communications with this rascal, or take any further steps whatever, until you have heard from me. There are still some days before the money is to be called in. Between this and then I will write to you. Meanwhile, you must promise to follow my advice, will you?"

I promised, and then bidding me keep a good heart and not torment myself more than I could help, Mr. Fleetwood took my hand in his and bade me a kindly farewell.

Four days later the village postman brought me a letter that bore the Liverpool postmark. I ran with it to my room to open it with a beating heart. A thin piece of paper fluttered from the envelope. I picked it up; it was a draft for two hundred and fifty pounds. The letter which accompanied it ran thus:

> "DEAR MISS GEDGE,—Let me explain why I take the liberty to send you the inclosed. In the first place, the only way of putting a stop to that miserable hound's demands is to satisfy them and pay him off. In the next, I am only acting as your brother's agent. I look upon the money I forward you as a loan to him, and shall have no difficulty in getting my money back again as soon as I reach Sydney; and I'm much mistaken in him if he won't be very glad to pay any rate of interest I like to ask. My only trouble in going away just now is in leaving you in the neighborhood of that sallow-faced rascal. But I don't think he'll annoy you further. I shall write to him before I sail, giving him a caution; and should he not heed my warning to the very letter, there will be a reckoning to settle between us when I get back that he'll not forget to the last day of his life. I now bid you good-by, for I am very busy. God bless you! I expect to bring you good news from Australia when next we meet.—Yours faithfully,
>
> "MARK FLEETWOOD."

Kind and generous friend! The action was worthy of his noble nature. I could say no more were I to string eulogies together by the hour.

There was a little postscript much blotted and interlined. It had been altered more than once, and certain words had been ingenuously rubbed out with the finger and others inserted. It said—no, I will not repeat what it said. It is of no consequence.

CHAPTER XII.

GLOOMY DAYS.

MR. FLEETWOOD'S timely aid had secured to us the quiet possession of our home a little longer, and disarmed our unscrupulous enemy. But his generous assistance could not restore soundness to our finances, crippled by long mismanagement and a succession of bad seasons. There was evidently a flaw in Aunt Craik's farming somewhere. She always said there was "money in the land, if only it could be got out of it;" but it puzzled her brains and mine too to find out the secret of this process of transmutation. I began to see very plainly that it was only a question of deferring the bankruptcy that threatened us. But if we could only stave off ruin for a time, I cared for little else. I was ready to make any sacrifices to attain that end, for I knew my father could not live long. His strength was decreasing daily; but my prayer night and morning was that we might be able to keep the old roof over our heads as long as his life lasted.

In order to do that various changes were necessary. We parted with our stout maid-servant, and exercised a rigid economy in domestic matters, though it nearly broke my aunt's heart to be obliged to refuse assistance to a poor neighbor, or to see me engaged in rough household work. "Let me do that, Dorothy," she would say; "thy hands ain't fit for it." But my hands had to fit themselves to many an unaccustomed task.

For some time I bore up bravely against these adverse circumstances. I tried to cheer my aunt, to soothe my father, and to extract hopes from that line in Mr. Fleetwood's letter, "I expect to bring you good news when next we meet." But as time went on and no news ever reached me again, either from my brother or Mr. Fleetwood, I began to lose heart, and to grow weary with hope deferred. When a year and a half passed by, I felt a miserable fear growing upon me that Mr. Fleetwood had forgotten what he had written, or that some accident had befallen him. And at night, when the wind rumbled in the chimney and the weather was wild and stormy, pictures of tempest-tossed seas would rise before me, and dreams of shipwreck haunt my sleep.

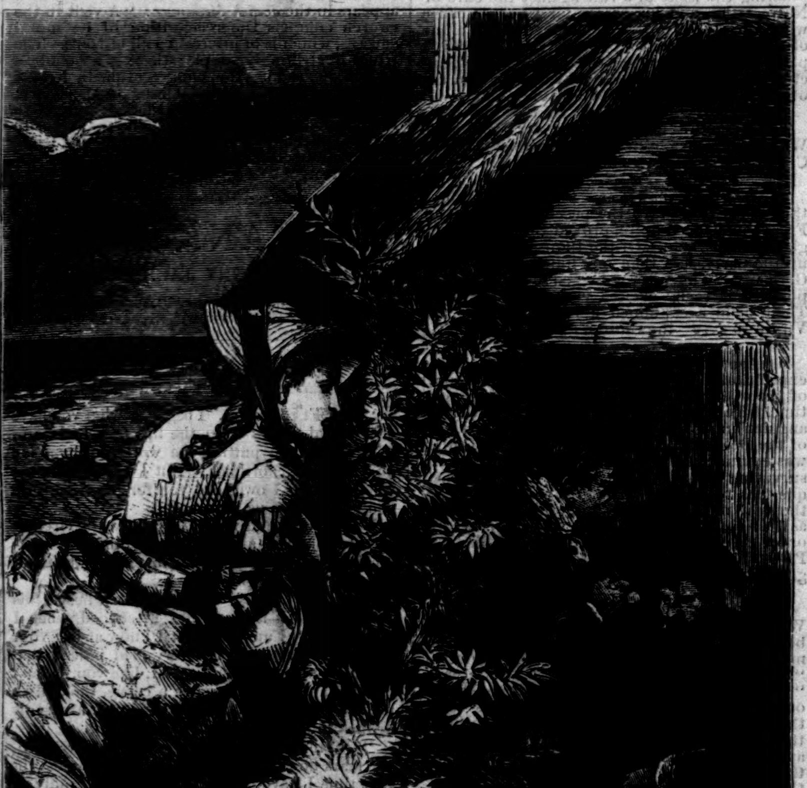
Ah, that long dark winter! How hard life seemed to me! how dull our little household! and how utterly cut off did I feel from all that was gladsome and congenial! Nobody ever came near us now. Stay; one person whose visits we certainly did not seek had re-appeared of late at Sea-Bank Farm. Saul Thurston, who had been long absent from the neighborhood, had been seen hanging about the premises. His appearance was more disreputable than ever, and excited the indignation of my aunt, who ordered him out of the yard.

"You never was no favorite of mine," said she, frankly; "and I won't have idle folks about the premises, hindering them as will work, now I'm mistress, whatever my poor brother liked to do when he was agait."

The man retired with a vindictive air, vowing he would "make the old woman remember her words."

One day my father caught sight of Thurston, and the agitation that overspread his face convinced me that he remembered my old dislike of him, and the contests that had taken place on the subject of his visits.

"Don't let him come nigh thee; don't let him come nigh!" he gasped, with an excited air. "He ain't fit company for thee."



DOROTHY'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED.

Not many days afterward my father took to his bed entirely. He had been growing weaker rapidly of late, but as his bodily strength decreased his mental faculties seemed to regain something of their old vigor. One night, on entering his room, I heard him talking to himself in low tones as he lay in bed.

"What was it?" he said. "'We couldn't either of us be more disgraced than we was already. He'd sooner be horsewhipped than hear me talk i' that how.' Poor lad, poor lad!"

I stood riveted to the spot. Suddenly the bed-curtain was drawn aside, and there sat my father, looking at me with anxious eyes.

"Dorothy," said he, in a low voice, "where's thy brother?"

It was the first time his name had passed my father's lips. I could not speak. Looking at me in the same anxious way, he went on:

"Where's Brail? Tell him as soon as he gets in I want him. Why don't ye answer?" After a pause my father murmured, "Good Lord, then he's dead, and we'll never meet again!" and with a long sigh he lay down again and spoke no more.

For days afterward I was haunted by my father's anxious face and mournful words. No; they would never meet again now. Brail's return had become a thing for which I had almost ceased to hope.

It was in the midst of this sad winter that there came a day which I shall remember as long as I live. Even now I feel a sense of agitation upon me as I recall its strange events, which I will endeavor truthfully to relate.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUNT CRAIK'S MONEY-BOX.

IT was market-day at Clambeach, and Aunt Craik had left home early in the morning to dispose of our last harvest's corn, which we had in vain tried to keep until prices were better. All day long I had been alone in the house with the old char-woman who came to assist us in my aunt's absence. Without, there was a heavy wintry sky, with snow-laden clouds; within, solitude, silence, and gloom, the more hard to bear that it was New-Year's Eve, and in other houses folks were preparing to give the coming year a fitting welcome.

"Would the next be as sad a year to me as the last had been?" I asked myself, as I sat by the window in my father's room, looking out over the desolate fields. "Was my life never to be brighter than it had been of late?" And then catching sight of my face in the glass, I noticed how much older and thinner I was beginning to look. But what mattered it whether I looked well or ill? Who cared for my looks? I was cut out for an old maid, and the sooner I reconciled myself to that fact the better; Aunt Craik had impressed it upon me scores of times since that day when Mr. Jonas Stang was dismissed from our gates.

I had known many sad and gloomy days in my life, but I had never felt so utterly cast down as I did this afternoon—never so thoroughly realized the friendlessness of our position. My head ached too, and the atmosphere of the sick-chamber seemed to stifle me. I pined for a draught of the cold fresh air without. My father slept; there could be no harm in leaving him for a time. I would put on my bonnet and hasten down to the Sea-Bank before the daylight was gone.

I remember standing on the Sea-Bank shortly afterward, watching the daylight fade. Before me lay the sluggish waters of the Wash—that unbeautiful estuary of the German Ocean, without either ship or wave upon it. A sea-mew flying athwart the gloom cried out mournfully as it sank away in the mists that overhung the marshes. One small dwelling only was in sight—a low wooden cabin, inhabited by a man called Black Ben, half smuggler, half poacher, and wholly disreputable. Passing by this hut shortly after, I saw two figures on the threshold. I could not discern their faces in the dusk, but I recognized Saul Thurston's voice.

"Half past twelve to-night, then," said he. "The moon will be down by one, and—"

"Hush!" muttered the other. "There's somebody t'other side the hedge."

But I had already taken to flight, frightened enough at finding myself near two such evil characters, and I reached home still panting with running.

"Goodness gracious, Dorothy, what have you been about?" cried Aunt Craik, as I entered the kitchen. "Here was I home punctual at five, and found nobody in the house but Mrs. Biggs, dawdling over her work as usual, and not a sign o' tea ready, and the front-door not bolted, nor the dairy shutters put up!"

Aunt Craik, attired in her drab cloth coat, snow-boots, and water-proof hood, stood by the fire, with a toasting-fork in one hand and a hot plate in the other, staring at me with angry amazement.

"Here am I obliged to get your poor father's tea ready, before ever I've had time to take off my damp things, and my feet as wet as litter. It will be a wonder if I don't get my death, and I only hope you won't have it to answer for, Dorothy. I can feel the rheumatics coming again in my knee-joints; and if they should mount, as mount they must one day, and reach my heart, it will be all over wi' me in twenty-four hours, as often I've told thee."

Feeling that I had not acted very prudently, I did not attempt to justify myself.

"Walk, indeed! A pretty time to choose for going out walking!" continued Aunt Craik, as we sat at tea. "I'm sure I was seared enough to be driving home in the gig after four o'clock, and if I looked back once I looked back fifty times to see if any body was following us. For how did I know but why somebody had seen me go into the bank to get Mr. Sykes the corn-dealer's check cashed?"

"You've sold the corn, then, aunt? I hope you got a good price," said I.

"Good price! I'd like to know how you'd get it with wheat selling at forty-eight! I call it givin' it away. Besides, they allus takes advantage so of women, and they talks you down wi' their London market and their Mark Lane (whoever he may be), as though a body didn't know what a clean sample o' wheat ought to fetch, let Mark Lane think what he likes, or Matthew either, if there be two of 'em. Anyhow, I've got a shilling more the quarter than neighbor Dicki'son had last week."

"And where, aunt, have you put—"

"Hush, Dorothy! Biggs." My aunt frowned and looked at the back kitchen door, which was ajar.

"Now, then, I'll talk to you about it," said my aunt, when the old char-woman had gone and the doors were all bolted; "but I'm not partial to naming such things afore third parties, let 'em be who they may."

Aunt Craik's good opinion of her fellow-creatures had never recovered the shock it had received through Mr. Stang's conduct.

"Why, where dost 'ee think I put the money? You'd never guess, I reckon. When Mrs. Biggs's back was turned, I slipped it inside the best copper kettle on the shelf yonder, bag and all, and there it is still."

Aunt Craik seemed as much delighted with this little artifice as though she had preserved the money from some imminent peril by her ingenuity.

"Count it over, Dorothy," said she, as I reached down my aunt's novel money-box. "What a pity all this good money has to go for rent and taxes! I hardly like having so much by us till next week, and only two lone women in the house. I a'most wish I'd asked Mr. Lumb to take care of it for me. Where should we put it for safest, think ye?"

But whatever place I suggested, my aunt considered that the one of all others most likely to be suspected by thieves. Drawers, cupboards, and even the clock-case, were thought of and rejected; so it was decided the money should remain in the copper kettle.

What a weight that money was upon our minds! All the evening my aunt kept impressing upon me the responsibilities it entailed, and whenever she alluded to it she spoke in a guarded and ambiguous way, as though there might already be thieves listening at the doors and windows.

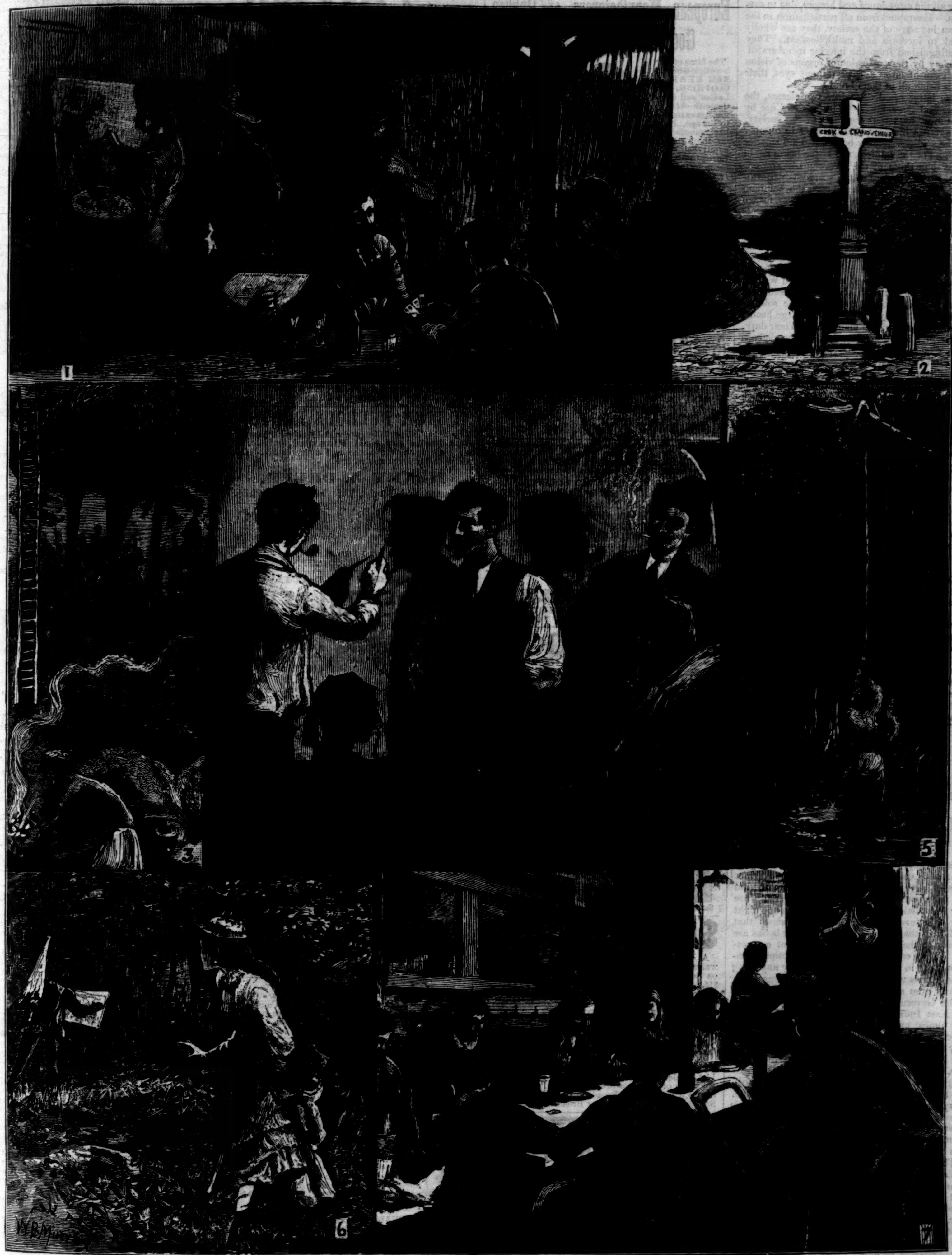
"Nay, Dorothy, if you go glegging at the kettle i' that how, we sha'n't keep our money long," said my aunt at supper. "Any body would guess what was in it to see how you keep turning your eyes to that shelf."

Now really this was too bad. It was Aunt Craik's eyes that wandered continually in that direction, and not mine.

"Suppose a tramp comes begging at the door to-morrow, won't he guess there's something up there you don't want him to know of, if you look round you i' that how? For goodness' sake keep your wits about you, Dorothy!" and my poor aunt began to fortify her courage and my own by discussing how we were to act in case the house should be attacked by thieves in the night.

With such cheerful topics did Aunt Craik beguile the time till the clock struck ten, our hour for retiring. We went round to examine the doors, raked out the kitchen fire, and then parted at the door of my aunt's room. Little did I dream of the things that were to come to pass ere we met again, or foresee what severe tests my courage was to be put to ere morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN ARTISTS' COLONY, FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.

AN ARTISTS' COLONY.

THE pretty little village of Barbizon, a great resort for artists of all nations, is situated on the skirts of the grand forest of Fontainebleau, about forty miles southeast of Paris. **ROSA BONHEUR** has a house there, where she passes most of her time. The village has two pleasant inns, which are monopolized by brethren of the brush. Sketch No. 1 shows how a wet morning is employed by the fraternity. No. 2, the "Croix du Grand Veneur," is one of the numerous crosses to be found in the forest. This one is a celebrated rendezvous for hunting parties. No. 3 is the picture of a well-known hermit, who has built for himself a Robinson Crusoe hut in the branches of four trees. He has lived there for several years, subsisting on roots and herbs. In winter he wears a coat made of his own hair, but in summer he has only a short loin cloth for clothing. When the artist saw him he had his beard tied behind his head with a piece of colored ribbon. No. 4 represents a scène which frequently takes place in the billiard-room, the walls of which are covered with silhouettes. No. 5 shows the method of stealing wood. Vipers literally swarm in the forest, and generally high boots are worn as a measure of protection. No. 6 shows an incident that happened lately at Barbizon. The wife of an artist felt a viper coil round her ancle. She had presence of mind to remain still and call for assistance, and the creature was soon dispatched. On being opened, a whole mouse was found in its interior. She probably owed her escape from a bite to this circumstance, the reptile being gorged. No. 7 is the "salle à manger," or dining-room, the walls of which are paneled and decorated by the visitors.

WHITE ANTS.

THESE remarkable insects have little in common with the small black nuisances of the same name with which we are so familiar, though they resemble them slightly in their social character and habits. Scarcely less wonderful than the bee in their social organization, they differ from that insect, inasmuch as the labors of the latter are attended with no evil to mankind, but are, on the contrary, productive of an eminently agreeable and useful article of food, while the white ant, so far as naturalists have yet discovered, is productive of nothing but extensive and unmitigated mischief.

These insects live in societies, each of which consists of a countless number of individuals, the large majority of which are wingless. Two individuals only in each society, a male and a female, or, according to some, a king and a queen, are winged, and these alone in the entire society are specimens of the perfect insect. The king and queen are privileged individuals, surrounded with all the respect and consideration, and receiving all the attendance and honors, due to sovereigns. Exempted from all participation in the common industry of the society, they are wholly devoted to increase and multiplication. They are distinguished from the inferior members of the society by the possession of organs of vision in the form of large and prominent eyes, their subjects being all of them blind.

These latter are divided into two classes, the workers and the soldiers. The workers are by far the most numerous members of the society, being about a hundred times greater in number than the soldiers. Their bodies also are smaller than those of the soldiers, the latter being again smaller than those of the sovereigns. The entire industrial business of the society is performed by the workers. They erect the common habitation, and keep it in repair. They forage and collect provisions for the society. They attend upon the sovereigns, and carry away the eggs of the queen, as fast as she deposits them, to chambers which they previously prepare for them. They keep these chambers in order, and when the eggs are hatched they perform the part of nurses to the young, feeding them and waiting upon them until they have attained sufficient growth to wait upon themselves. The soldiers are distinguished by their long and large heads, armed with long pointed mandibles. Their duty, as their title implies, is confined to the defense of the society and of their common habitation when attacked by enemies.

A visitor to the tropics unacquainted with the architectural skill of these small builders must pause in wonderment before the habitations which they erect. The insect itself is scarcely a quarter of an inch in length, and yet in the space of three or four years they manage to build a home for themselves that is twelve feet in height. These wonderful structures are shaped like a sugar-loaf or cone, and when first erected consist of naked clay, but, in the fertile climate where the white ant lives, the seeds of herbage transported by the wind are soon deposited upon them, and they are speedily covered with the same vegetation as the surrounding soil, and when in the dry and warm season this vegetation is scorched they assume the appearance of vast hay-cocks. The interior of these mounds themselves are of most curious and complicated structure, consisting of a variety of chambers and corridors formed with the most consummate art, and adapted in shape and size to the respective purposes to which they are assigned in the general economy of the colony.

The royal chamber appropriated to the sovereigns engrosses much of the attention and skill of their industrious subjects. It is generally placed about the centre of the base of the mound, at the level of the surrounding ground. It has the shape that architects call a surmounted dome, and its magnitude is proportioned to that of the king and queen to whom it is appropriated. Its floor is perfectly level, and formed of clay about an inch thick. The roof is a solid, well-turned arch, increasing in thickness from a quarter of an inch at the sides, where it rests upon the floor.

The ingenuity displayed by these insects in making arrangements for their own comfort is only equaled by the industry with which they destroy the property of others. They will bore their way through any thing that happens to lie in their path. They penetrate with the greatest ease into trunks and boxes, even though made of mahogany, and destroy papers or any thing else that is contained in them. In the warmer parts of equinoctial America it is rare to find any papers that are at all old, so greedily are they devoured by these marauders. In one night they will devour all the boots and shoes that are left in their way. Cloth, linen, or books are equally to their taste, but they will not eat cotton. They entirely consumed a collection of insects made in India. In fact, scarcely any thing comes amiss with them but metal or stones.

It is even asserted that the superb residence of the Governor-General at Calcutta, that cost the East India Company such immense sums, was almost undermined by the attacks of these insects. But not content with the dominions they have acquired and the buildings they have laid low on terra firma, encouraged by their success, the white ants have also aimed at the sovereignty of the ocean, and once had the hardihood to attack even a British ship of the line. In spite of the efforts of the commander and his valiant crew, they boarded her, and having got possession, handled her so roughly that when brought into port, no longer fit for service, she was obliged to be broken up.

The attacks of these little animals are so insidious that it is impossible to be too much on guard against them. In attacking a board they will sometimes, instead of perforating the surface, preserve it quite whole, and eat away all the inside except a few fibres which hold the surfaces together, so that although it may appear solid to the eye it will not weigh more than two sheets of pasteboard of equal dimensions. The owners of ships which bring sugar from the West Indies complain that they so swarm with these ants that they can not get rid of them except by sinking their vessels in shallow water.

New and Strange.—Travelers and residents in malarious districts should inquire about Holman's Fever-and-Ague Pad. *A positive cure without medicine.* Stop drugging with poisons, and try the new plan. Druggists sell it. Send address for full particulars to W. F. Kidder & Co., 88 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

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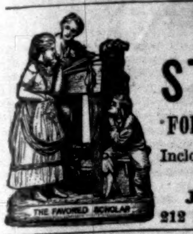

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Vol. VII.	
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ENGLISH SACQUE, with Long Apron-Front and Clinging Demi-Trained Skirt	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED WALKING JACKET, Empress Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
WORTH BASQUE AND FULL-TRAINED TRIMMED SKIRT	" 51
Vol. VIII.	
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HENRI TROIS SACQUE, with Bouffant Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 17
MANTLE, with Shirred Tablier and Walking Skirt	" 17
SHIRRED BASQUE, with Shirred Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 19
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LOUIS XV. JACKET, Apron Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 39
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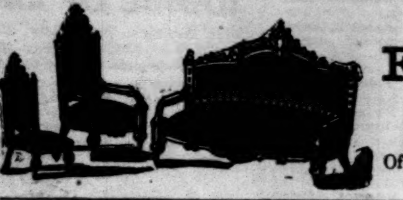

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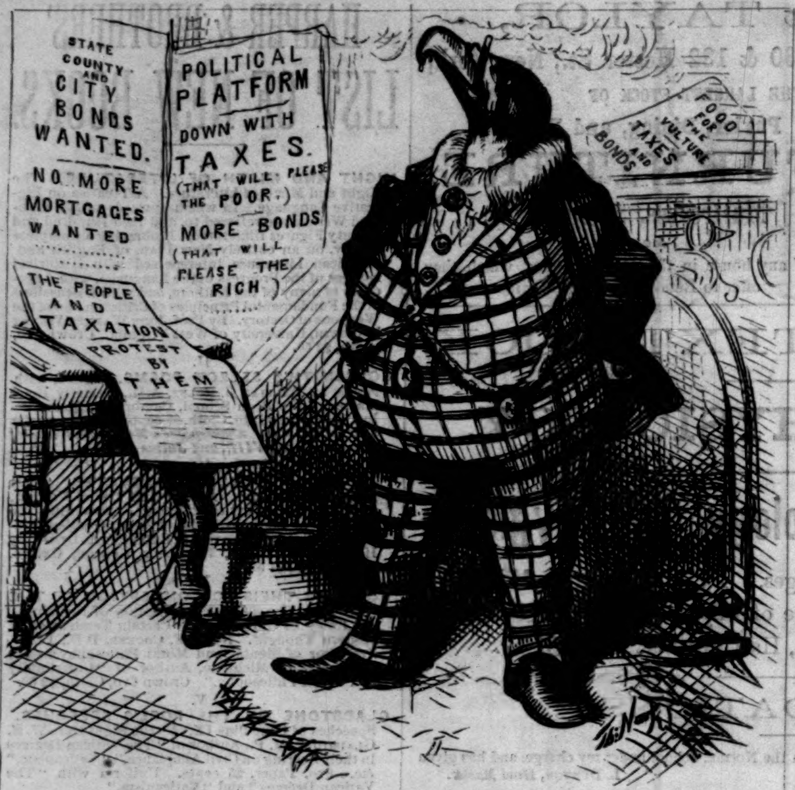
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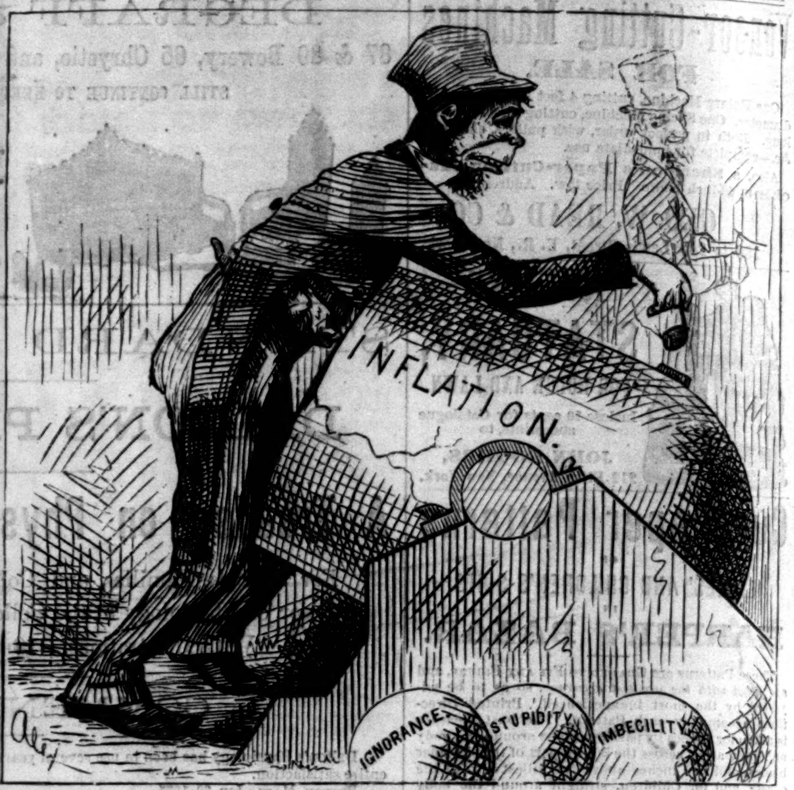

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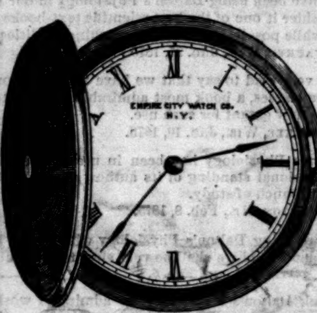
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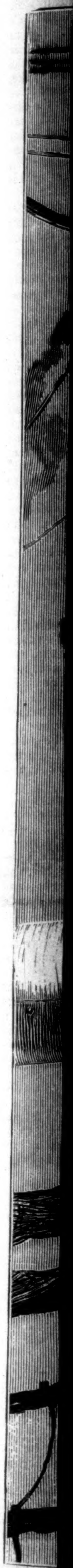

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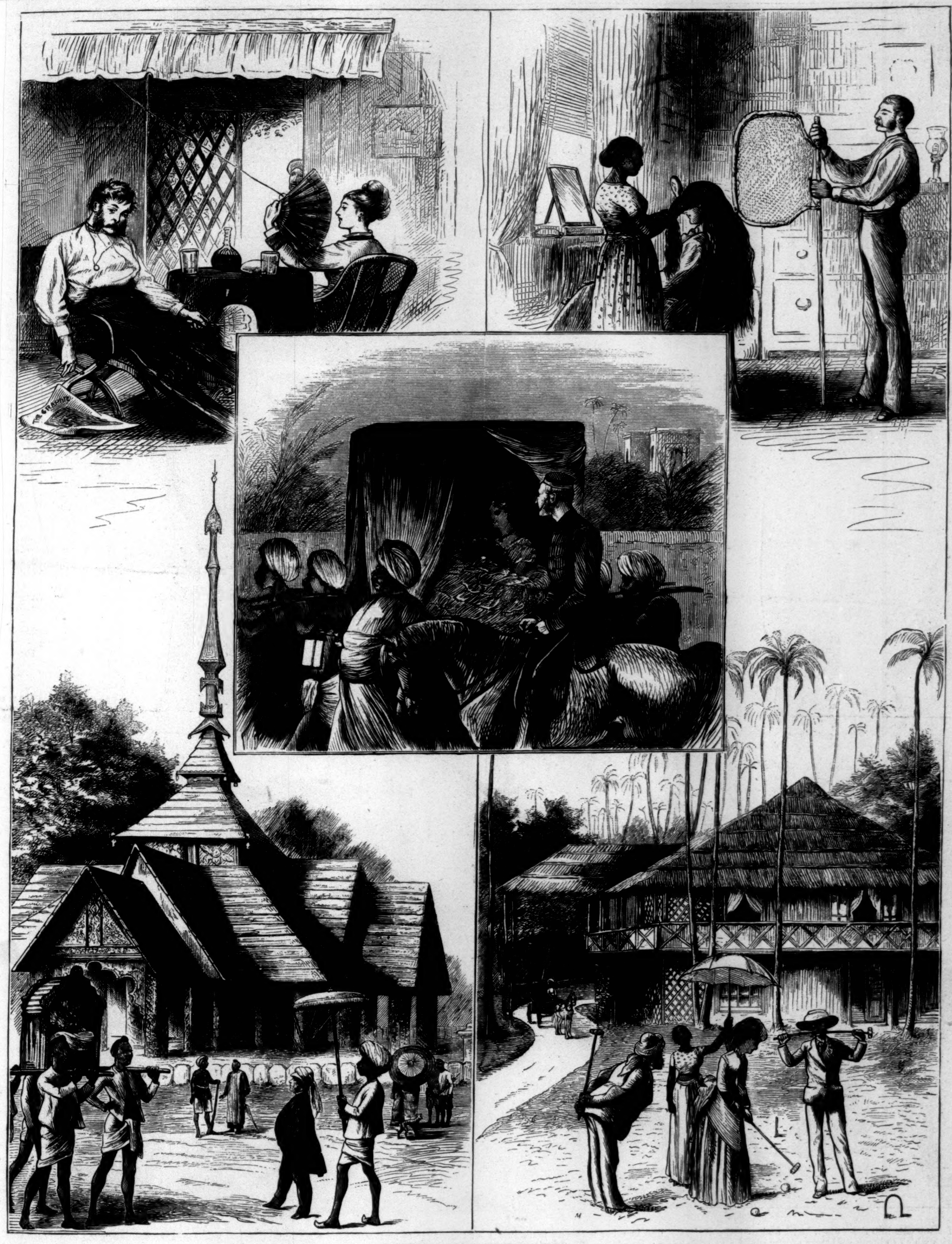


SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

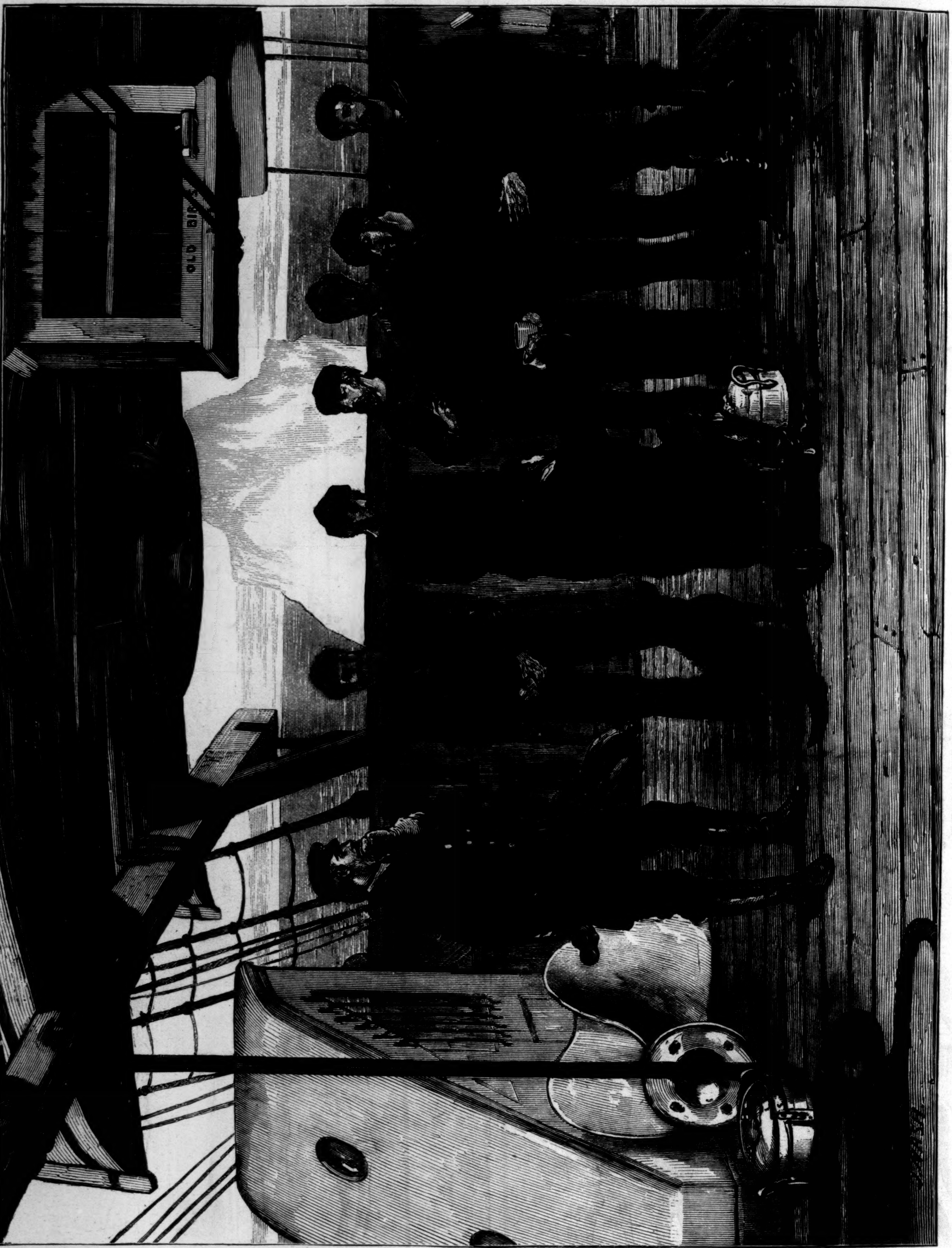
LIFE IN INDIA.

The sketches on this page illustrate some characteristic features of the life of Europeans in India. The lady in the upper sketch on the left hand, exhausted by the extreme heat, is obliged to supplement with her fan the current of air produced by the large "punkah," a canvas stretched on a frame suspended from the ceiling, and swung back and forth by a servant, while the gentleman sinks back in his chair in a state of complete collapse. On the opposite side of the page we see a good-natured husband acting as "punkah-wallah," or fan-man, while the maid is engaged in dressing his wife's hair. The central sketch shows how ladies are carried to evening parties and balls in a "tan-jan," which differs from a palanquin by being arranged for a sitting instead of a reclining position. In the lower left-hand sketch the artist gives us a bit of contrast—the meeting of a Buddhist priest, borne on the shoulders of his attendants, and an English clergyman, perhaps the bishop of the diocese, taking his "constitutional" on foot. The last sketch is "croquet in the tropics," rather languidly played, if we may judge by the attitude of the lady and her companions. One might suppose that the extreme heat which prevails the greater part of the year in India would, in some degree at least, preclude the lively zest with which croquet is played in cooler climates; yet it is a favorite amusement there.

ARCTIC INCIDENTS.

We give this week two additional illustrations of life on board the ships of the English Arctic Expedition, of which an account appeared in our last number. The first shows the method of serving out lime juice to the men—a medical precaution of paramount importance. Every morning at 10.30 (five bells) the men are collected together, and each is served with an allowance of one ounce. In the sketch the crew of the *Alert* are gathered for this purpose on the quarter-deck, and Captain **Markham**'s dog "Nelly" is looking gravely on. We are not aware whether she participates in the health-preserving beverage. The lime juice is not a palatable drink, and the men take it with wry faces. An officer always stands by to see that no one evades swallowing his dose. This precautionary practice is enforced on all ships in arctic waters, and on many others, especially upon long voyages. Overhead is seen a cage of carrier-pigeons and a quantity of gear, among which are a spring cart and a collapsable boat. On the right is seen a canvas bucket used for taking the temperature of the sea, as illustrated in our last number; and on the left against the booby-hatch of the quarter-deck lie some spare blades for the screw.

The second illustration shows the process of watering from an iceberg. This is a curious and interesting operation. A small berg is towed alongside the port gangway, and the captain

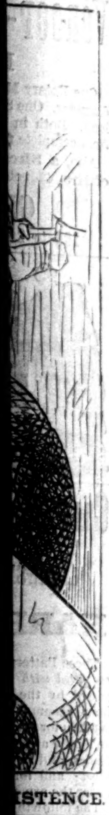


THE ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—SERVING OUT LIME JUICE.

of the foretop gets into the "dingy" with an ice-chisel with which to break off blocks of manageable size. These lumps are fished up and carried aboard in bread bags, and laid out on the deck, where in a short time the melting of the surfaces washes away any salt-water which may have been taken up with the ice. The water obtained in this manner is much more palatable than that condensed on board. The weather, when this sketch was made, was warm (that is, 55°), and the men worked in their jerseys. No regular blue-jacket uniform is worn, officers and men wearing such clothing as best suits the service. All had leather caps with peaks and lappets of fur, some wore suits of box-cloth, while a few still stuck to uniform. On the left of the sketch an Esquimau is climbing on board out of his *kayak* or canoe.

While the ships were waiting at Godhavn, the officers not engaged in the transfer of stores from the *Valorous*, and in other necessary preliminaries, were by no means idle. They set about exploring the district and taking accurate observations of its flora and fauna. The valleys and gorges of Disco were dressed in their gayest summer attire of mosses and wild flowers. Of the 206 species which compose the arctic Greenland flora, upward of two-thirds were collected round Godhavn by the officers of the expedition, who were thus enabled to form a practical acquaintance with the plants they are likely to meet with in the unknown regions. The vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf on the level places, and filling the chinks and crannies of the rocks. The prettiest thing of all and the most abundant is the club-moss, with its graceful little white bell flowers, like miniature lilies-of-the-valley. With it are generally the dwarf willows and birches, and the *Vaccinium*, with its red flower and glossy little leaves. But for the plague of mosquitoes those lovely mosses would form soft and most luxurious beds. The *Alchemillas*, the *Angelicas*, and whortleberries in the Lyngmarhen, and the rich masses of holly fern in Englishman's Bay, will not be seen further north. On the heights above Godhavn were the salad-supplying plants, the sorrel and scurvy-grass, and many others, besides quantities of red snow, specimens of which were carefully collected and preserved. This crimson snow attracted the attention of those engaged in the expedition under Captain Ross in 1817. Some of it was bottled, the snow dissolved, and the sediment examined under a powerful microscope, and the coloring matter was found to consist of minute globules of a deep red color, with a black speck in the centre, which, when crushed and applied to paper, produced a color resembling Indian ink. Some of it was carried to England, where it was declared to be the seed of some vegetable.

Disco is also a specially good locality for commencing the acquisition of a knowledge of the polar fauna, for here the arctic and the sub-arctic forms meet. Great northern divers, razor-bills, puffins, harlequin-ducks, mergansers, skuas, wheat-ears, pipits, and some phalaropes and sandpipers were seen, and the officers of the expedition became acquainted with most of the true arctic birds, as well as with the eggs of many of them. Dr. Moss, the naturalist, examined a number of organisms brought from the surface water of Davis Strait, and the contents of a dredge containing mollusks, holothuria, and crustacea from thirty fathoms on the Torske Bank, and he made careful colored drawings of all the microscopic organisms that were new to him. The photographers attached to the expedition were also busy with their apparatus, and took many interesting photographs of the wild features of the land and sea.



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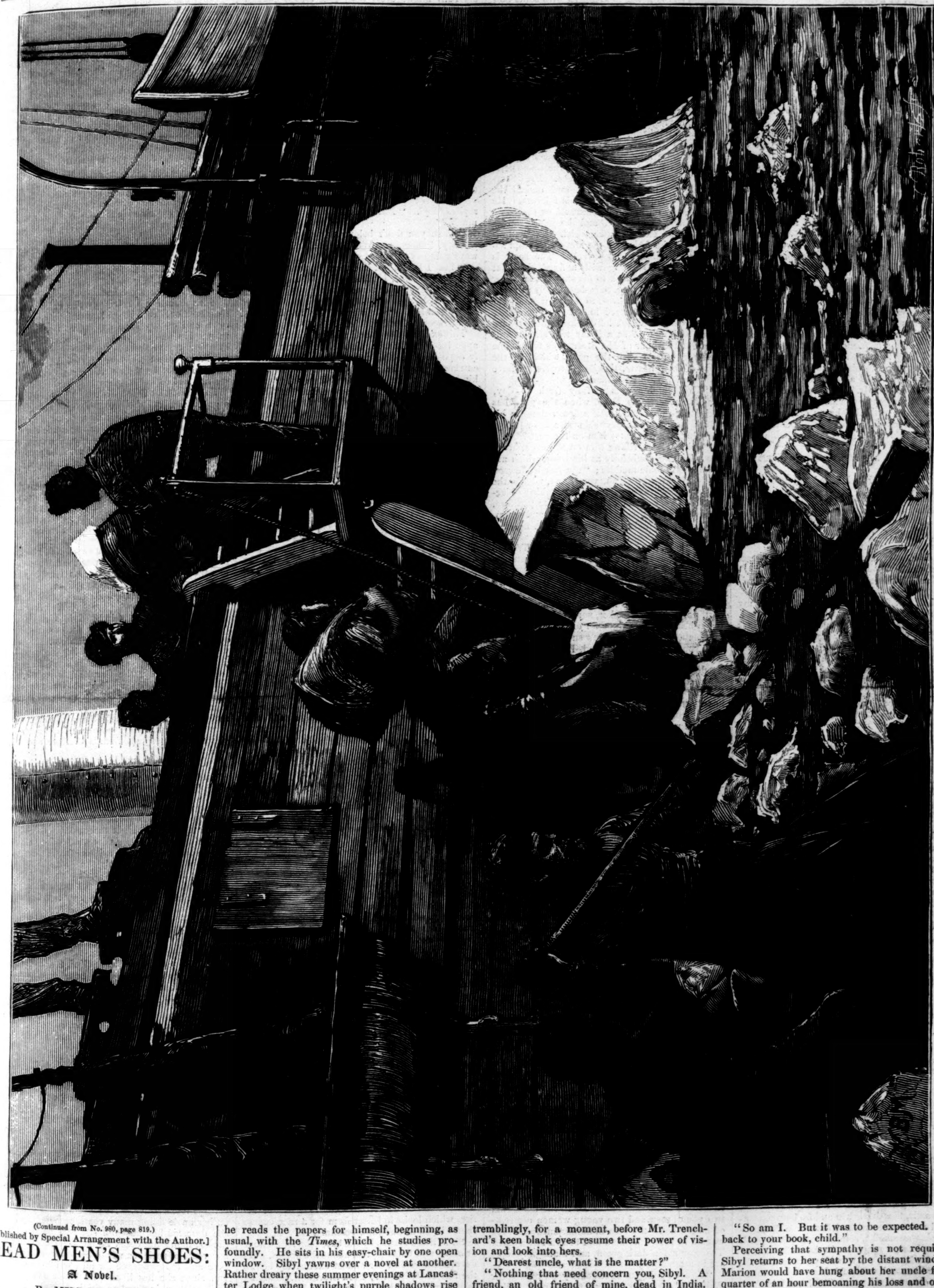

THE ENGLISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION—WATERING FROM AN ICEBERG.—[SEE PAGE 849.]

(Continued from No. 980, page 819.)

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CHAPTER XVI.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

A CURIOUS thing happens that evening after dinner. It is Mr. Trenchard's habit to read the daily papers at his ease in the drawing-room as soon as he has withdrawn from the dinner table; or, if he is idly disposed, Sibyl reads to him, and beguiles him into placid slumber. This evening he reads the papers for himself, beginning, as usual, with the *Times*, which he studies profoundly. He sits in his easy-chair by one open window. Sibyl yawns over a novel at another. Rather dreary these summer evenings at Lancaster Lodge when twilight's purple shadows rise ghost-like among the trees on the lawn, and the gates are closed upon the outer world. Welcome even such commonplace interruption as the advent of Frederick Stormont, and an adjournment to the billiard-room.

Sibyl looks up from her book with a start at a sudden movement of her uncle's. What was that half-stifled exclamation which sounded so like an oath? Stephen Trenchard is standing up, with the paper crumpled in his right hand, staring blankly at his niece. She goes to him, looks at him in frightened interrogation; but he neither sees nor hears her. Is this some kind of seizure, epileptic, paralytic? She thinks so, tremblingly, for a moment, before Mr. Trenchard's keen black eyes resume their power of vision and look into hers.

"Dearest uncle, what is the matter?"

"Nothing that need concern you, Sibyl. A friend, an old friend of mine, dead in India. The announcement of his death shocked me, that's all. I ought not to have been surprised. At my age a man must expect old friends to drop off. Go back to your book, my dear. There is no reason for you to be agitated."

Sibyl looks wonderingly at the paper in her uncle's hand. It is not the supplement. That with its births, marriages, and deaths lies on the carpet unopened. She remembers that the deaths of distinguished people are sometimes recorded in the body of the paper, and this friend of her uncle's is doubtless a person worthy of an obituary paragraph.

"I am so sorry," she says, sympathetically.

"So am I. But it was to be expected. Go back to your book, child."

Perceiving that sympathy is not required, Sibyl returns to her seat by the distant window. Marion would have hung about her uncle for a quarter of an hour bemoaning his loss and offering stale crumbs of consolation.

Sibyl hears the door shut ten minutes afterward, and, looking up, sees that Stephen Trenchard has vanished. She hastens to look for the newspapers, eager to find out all she can about her uncle's departed friend; but Mr. Trenchard has taken the papers with him, and when she searches for them next day in his study, and in other likely places, they are not to be found. Nor does Mr. Trenchard re-appear that evening. The butler brings Sibyl a message at tea-time to the effect that his master has letters to write and will take tea in his study. So that particular infusion of hyson with which Mr. Trenchard is in the habit of irritating his nerves is carried to the study on a salver, and Sibyl is left to spend her evening alone.

There are times, on just such an evening as this, when memory recalls that one room in Dixon Street, Chelsea, and his company whose easy temper and natural gayety of heart could brighten deepest poverty with an occasional ray of light.

"If I could have borne poverty as well as he, we might have struggled on together to the end," she thinks, with a touch of remorse. "But then what a pity it would have been to lose Uncle Trenchard's fortune! How ghastly pale he looked to-night! poor dear man!"

Mr. Trenchard seems a little out of sorts for the next few days, not quite so keen and far-seeing, so exacting or high-handed in his household as it is his wont to be. He has a preoccupied air, a thoughtful look, and is evidently much concerned by the loss of that departed friend whose name he has not mentioned.

Sibyl wonders at this a little, never having heard Mr. Trenchard talk of any intimate friend in India. He has told numerous stories of Calcutta society, of trade and chicanery in that palatial city, but of friendship, of intimate congenial companions, he has not breathed a word. Nor in the year and a half of his residence at Redcastle has a single Anglo-Indian acquaintance visited him. Impossible to imagine a man more independent of friendship, yet he seems cut to the quick by the death of this distant friend, and is slow to recover his equanimity.

Mrs. Stormont calls about three days before the races, and finds Mr. Trenchard and his niece on the lawn, the gentleman asleep or meditating, his countenance shrouded by an orange-colored bandana, like another veiled prophet, the lady working point-lace at the rate of a stitch a minute.

The dear soul has come to talk about the races.

"I wish you could be induced to join us, dear Mr. Trenchard."

"You're very good, my dear madam, but the thing is not in my way. I hardly know whether a horse should have four legs or six. If you were to show me a six-legged animal, I doubt if I should remark the redundancy."

"And yet you have the finest carriage horses in Redcastle."

"Because I did not choose them myself, madam."

"I shall call for you at half past twelve, my dear," says Mrs. Stormont, turning to Sibyl. "Fred is going to ride. I shall hire Shrub's landau and pair. My poor dear ponies would be frightened to death on a race-course."

Shrub is the proprietor of the George Hotel and livery-stables, and has the honor of ministering to the *élite* on all state occasions.

"Why hire Shrub's landau when my barouche is at your service?" asks Mr. Trenchard. "I shall be glad to give that idle coachman of mine a day's work."

"My dear Mr. Trenchard, you are too kind. Such an idea never entered my head."

"Odd if it didn't," thinks Sibyl, "when you are always making use of the carriage in some way or other."

The Stormonts have allowed Sibyl to drive them a good deal during the last few months, to the infinite relief of the ponies and the buck-basket, both of which institutions are slightly the worse for wear. You may get fifteen years' work out of a pony, but when he approaches his majority his powers are apt to wane.

Mrs. Stormont allows herself to be entreated, and finally yields gracefully and with an airy coquetry, but only on condition that Mr. Trenchard shall dine with them on the race day. This he promises, with certain reservations.

"If I feel myself up to the mark I'll come," he says, "but I have not been particularly well lately."

"Uncle Trenchard has lost an old friend in India," explains Sibyl; and seeing her uncle's impatient frown, is sorry she has made the remark.

"Indeed!" exclaims Mrs. Stormont, thirsting with curiosity. "In the civil service or the army? The colonel has so many old Indian friends."

"My friend was neither in the civil service nor the army," says Mr. Trenchard, and says no more.

Mrs. Stormont is disappointed, but she has got the carriage, which was the object of her visit, so she drifts off into the usual Redcastle talk. "Have you seen the Groshens lately?" and, "Did you hear that Dr. Mitsand has been very ill?" and so on; with which interesting discourse she beguiles the next half hour.

The race day comes with the calendar, and a glorious day, hot blue sky, roads white with dust, grass brown and slippery—bad for the horses, opine the learned in such matters. Redcastle grand stand gleaming in the sun, flags flying, town all astir, flies driving to and fro between station and race-course with visitors from Krampston, people who smell of commerce and dock-yard, oakum and tar, a rough lot in the estimation of genteel Redcastle. At half past twelve the Trenchard barouche calls for Mrs. Stormont and her two eldest daughters. Sibyl has taken her place in it already. She wishes to sit with her back to the horses, but this Mrs. Stormont will not allow, and after a little polite skirmishing she takes her place next that lady, the Misses Stormont side by side on the opposite seat, which they fill to overflowing. On the way to the course the ladies have time for a silent review of each other's apparel. Rose and Violet are in washed muslins and home-made bonnets. Mrs. Stormont wears her dove-colored moiré, which is an institution in Redcastle, and as well known as the town clock.

"Here comes Mrs. Groshen's carriage. I suppose she is going to crush us with some new finery," says Rose, with a venomous look at the maize silk and Indian muslin.

"I hope it will be in a little better taste than usual," remarks Violet, who is of a more calculating temper than her sister. "What lovely embroidery that is of yours, Sibyl! I can't help noticing it."

Frederick joins the party presently on a brute of a gray horse, whose ownership he participates with young Jewson, the lawyer's son. The joint animal, having very little mouth to speak of at the best, and being ridden on opposite principles by his two proprietors, is about as manageable as a watering-place donkey. Frank Jewson, who is the better equestrian of the co-owners, boasts that he rides with his knees. Fred Stormont hangs on by the reins, and makes the wretched quadruped's mouth his fulcrum. He is not happy on horseback himself, or the cause of happiness to his steed, and the joint proprietorship is an extravagance which he can ill afford. But he feels that the horse gives him social status, and endures bravely. The beast is consistent, and starting with a fixed idea that the sooner he gets back to his stables the better for his own well-being, tugs desperately at every turning in the endeavor to make a short-cut home, and if confronted in his straight course with any object which he dislikes, wheels sharp round and sets off at a lively trot stableward. The first half hour of Mr. Stormont's ride is one prolonged tussle with the gray, which, in the pride of their hearts, the joint proprietors have christened Flying Dutchman.

"The Dutchman is awfully fresh to-day, Fred," remonstrates Rose, when the gray has backed into the landau half a dozen times in his efforts to go up every side street or alley. "Hadn't you better try him on the curb?"

"I think I am riding him on the curb," says Fred, looking doubtfully at his reins, which are in an inextricable muddle; "the fact is, Jewson spoils his mouth. Yah, you beast, what's the matter now?" as the Dutchman, taking objection to a very small child in a white pinafore, gathers all his legs together, collapses, and scrambles frantically across the street with a noise as of a detachment of cavalry.

"Is that a fit?" asks Sibyl, when Mr. Trenchard's bays have recovered from their consternation at this manœuvre.

"No; it's only a shy. He can not stand a perambulator."

"Nor a woman in a red cloak, nor a baker's cart, nor a washing basket, nor a chimney-sweep, nor a heap of stones, nor an organ," says Rose, indignantly. "I never knew such a beast. He'll have your life some day, Fred, I feel convinced."

"He's more than half thorough-bred," says Frederick, leaning over to pat the animal's neck—an attention which Dutchman resents by a sudden slouch forward and furious shake of his head, whereby all but precipitates Fred upon the paving stones.

"Are you fond of riding?" asks Sibyl, as the horseman pulls himself together, scarlet after his struggles with his steed, and settles into a jolting trot beside the barouche.

"P-p-passion-ate-ly," says Fred, the syllables jerked out of him piecemeal by the gray.

"But that seems rather an uncomfortable horse to ride."

"He's a little fidgety in the town, but he's splendid when you get him on the turf. You should see him in a stretching gallop across the grass."

Mr. Stormont omits to state that in these stretching gallops he is entirely at Dutchman's mercy, and suffers abject terror.

They turn out of the market-place presently into a broad lane leading to the woods—a lane in which there are nice old houses on one side and orchards on the other, and at the top of this lane they come out upon that open stretch of greensward, with a hollow full of hazel bushes, hawthorn, and blackberry here and there, which is dignified with the name of Redcastle Woods.

Yonder gleams the stand, white in the sunshine, flags blue, red, and yellow fluttering gayly, the oval course on the southern side of a slope, and a fringe of carriages and smartly dressed people—a simple, rustic race-course, with its local gentry and sprinkling of citizens from busy Krampston.

The Stormont barouche takes its position among the great ones of the land, and by good luck finds itself in the very lap of the county. The magnates of Redcastle are six carriages off, Mrs. Groshen becking and nodding at her friends, gorgeously arrayed in a brilliant mauve silk which glistens in the sun, and a bonnet loaded with feathers.

There are many greetings between Mrs. Stormont and her neighbors—for the Stormonts occupy the border-line of Redcastle society, and are graciously regarded by the county families. Loud "how d'ye do's" are uttered by the occupants of a tall coach next door to the barouche, two young men and two young women are seated on the box—the men in homespun tweed, the women in brown holland and brown straw hats. Two grooms in dark green, and mahogany tops, are in attendance.

"Are we going to have some good racing, Sir Wilford?" asks Mrs. Stormont, radiant at finding herself in such good company, and Mrs. Groshen afar off like Dives. The bigger of the gray men answers in a loud good-natured voice, dropping lightly down from his perch and coming close to the barouche:

"Not much fun, I'm afraid; wretched lot of leather platers. Going to speculate, Miss Stormont? Better put something on Staggheen for the Cup; sure to win."

He addresses himself to the fair Rose, shaking hands with her the while, but he looks at Sibyl. That delicate clear-cut face, with its brown eyes, is strange to him, and in a place where every body knows every body else, that is enough to awaken interest.

Sibyl remembers him as one of the hunters she has seen ride past the walls of Lancaster Lodge, clad in weather-stained scarlet.

He is tall—six feet two—broad-shouldered, with the frame of an athlete. He has shaggy brown hair, shaggy brown mustache, good-humored gray eyes, a commonplace nose, a good firm mouth and strong square chin, large hands, in well-worn tan gloves.

"Sir Wilford Candonnel, Miss Faunthorpe," says Mrs. Stormont, graciously.

Sir Wilford takes off his hat and looks pleased, but is little wiser than before. This name of Faunthorpe means nothing for him.

"Fond of racing?" he inquires, following up the introduction.

"This is the first time I was ever at a race," replies Sibyl. "But I think I shall enjoy it very much."

"Then you don't belong to this part of the country, I suppose? We Yorkshire folks are always going to races."

"Yes, I have lived in Redcastle ever since, or almost ever since, I left school."

"And have never come to the races?"

"I couldn't get any body to bring me," replies Sibyl, frankly. "Neither of my uncles cares about races. Good gracious!"

This exclamation is evoked by a most startling apparition on the other side of the course, exactly opposite the barouche. A shabby old pony-carriage, quite the most ancient vehicle of its kind in Redcastle, a dilapidated unkempt pony, with his nose in a nose-bag, an elderly gentleman in a discolored white hat, a young woman in light pink muslin, and a girl of nondescript appearance in short petticoats standing on the back seat of the phaeton in order the better to survey the brilliant scene, and making a positively awful exhibition of her legs.

These are Uncle Robert, Marion, and Jenny. Sibyl beholds them with unmitigated consternation. She will be obliged to acknowledge them presently, to avow her relationship to that wretched chaise, that odious pony, in the face of the county families, nay, the highest and mightiest of the high and mighty—the Candonnels of the How—people she has heard the Stormonts talk about with as much reverence as if they had the prosperity of the county in their keeping, wound up the sun like a clock, and turned on the rain from a tap in their custody.

"This is Marion's doing," thinks Sibyl, indignantly. "That girl is capable of any thing. To think that they must needs come and perch themselves opposite us!"

There seems deliberate malice in the act. A few minutes ago there was only empty space where the pony-chaise stands now. The chaise has been placed there since the arrival of the barouche.

Dr. Faunthorpe surveys his niece's party mildly through his spectacles; Marion nods and kisses her hand; but Sibyl, once having seen her danger, looks every way except toward the doctor's chaise. Jenny, more energetic than her elders, is not to be baffled. Finding nods and hand-kissing unnoticed, she raises her shrill young voice, and screams, "Sibyl, Sibyl! Look this way, Sibyl!"

"Who is that leggy child calling?" asks Sir Wilford, looking at Jenny through his race-glass, which brings her to the end of his nose. "What an excitable young person! And what a funny party! A little old man in spectacles and a white hat, a tall young woman with auburn hair, and that leggy child dancing about upon the cushions. And what a pony! The very one Noah had in the ark, I should think."

Sibyl grows crimson. Can she acknowledge her kith and kin after this? While she hesitates, Mrs. Stormont raises her gold-rimmed binoculars and scrutinizes the opposite party.

"Why, my dear," she exclaims, not sorry to set off any obligation involved in the loan of the barouche by the humiliation of its owner, "it's that dear good little man, Dr. Faunthorpe, and your sisters. I wonder you didn't recognize the pony; there's not another like him in Redcastle."

"Is that little girl your sister?" says Sir Wilford. "I beg your pardon and hers if I said any thing impertinent. She seems a fine, high-spirited girl, but in an awful state of excitement. Shall I bring her across to you? She wants to speak to you, I fancy."

"Oh, pray leave her where she is," replies Sibyl. "She's a dreadful nuisance. There, there, child," nodding to the obnoxious hoiden; "won't that do?"

Jane kisses her hand again vehemently, and having succeeded in attracting her sister's attention, seems tolerably resigned.

Sibyl feels that her maize corded silk and Indian muslin, the barouche, and all things, are a failure after this. And there are the Misses Candonnel in their plain holland gowns, with sachels at their waists, brown hats, brown feathers, brown holland umbrellas—singularly plain attire, which looks in better form for a race-course than Sibyl's flower-show costume.

Sir Wilford stands by the barouche for an hour or more, and tells Sibyl all about the horses. He devotes himself to her almost exclusively before the face of Redcastle. Fred Stormont, pounding restlessly about upon the gray, and bringing that excited animal to anchor beside the barouche when he can, feels that he is nowhere, and begins to think that he has erred on the side of caution and hesitancy in his wooing of Stephen Trenchard's niece.

Mrs. Stormont has provided the most refined of baskets. Delicate papers of anchovy and chicken sandwiches, fragile biscuits, some choice fruit, and a bottle of dry sherry. These favors she dispenses to her party, while Sir Wilford and his people are devouring their lobster salad on the roof of the drag, enlivened by a running fire of Champagne corks.

Sibyl has gradually recovered that death-blow of the pony-carriage. Sir Wilford Candonnel's attentions have put her in good humor. It is as if some prince of the blood-royal had paid her homage in the presence of his subjects, and she knows that Mrs. Groshen and Mrs. Marlin Spyke, the Misses Mitsand, and, above all, dearest Rose and Violet, will be provoked to envy by the distinction thus conferred upon her. Indeed, dear Rose's brow has a cloudy look already, and Violet is snappish. Only Mrs. Stormont preserves her equanimity, and smiles upon the baronet when he redescends from the drag and takes up his position again beside the barouche.

Sibyl's ignorance of racing matters is curiously attractive to him from its novelty, his sisters being learned in the minutest details of the turf, and as well up in stable talk as their brother's stud groom, under whom they have graduated. He lingers by her side till the races are nearly over, and his grooms go to fetch the horses. The important duty of seeing these animals put to distracts him a little, but he comes back again at the last to say good-by to Mrs. Stormont and her daughters and to Sibyl.

"I should like you to know my sisters," he says. "I am sure you'd suit each other," a mendacious assertion inspired by the exigencies of the situation, Sir Wilford knowing very well that town and county have seldom an idea in common. He has not ventured to bring about an introduction on the course, his sisters being at an inconvenient altitude and of an uncertain temper. But he feels that he must contrive to see more of Miss Faunthorpe somehow or other. Who can she be? She is too richly dressed for a governess, and the Stormonts are too civil to her. Yet she must be a nobody, or Mrs. Stormont would have taken care to parade her people. He resolves to call on the Stormonts in a day or two and find out all about their protégée. And sustained by this resolution he takes his reluctant leave. How splendid his coach looks to Sibyl, the four broad-chested bays, with their honest English-looking heads—horses that mean work—the steel chains, the black harness, austerely simple in its mounting, the grooms in Lincoln green, the two girls in brown holland nodding good-by to the Stormonts as Sir Wilford drives away, making a wide sweep upon the turf, his horses going as if this was the happiest moment of their lives, his grooms climbing into their places after the team has started, with some hazard of life and limb, but with honor to themselves!

"Charming man, Sir Wilford Candonnel," says Mrs. Stormont. "The Candonnels are one of the oldest of our county families. How do you like him, Sibyl?"

"He seems good-natured," replies Sibyl, carelessly. What are the Candonnels to her, and what avails this young man's admiration save to flaunt in the face of her acquaintance? *Her* name is written in the Book of Fate and in the registers of St. Thomas the Less, Pimlico.

"The soul of good nature. His sisters are charming too; great friends of Rose and Violet's."

"Uncommon intimate," says Fred, who has dragged that unyielding gray up to the carriage once more. "They see one another twice a year, I should think. For my part I detest the county people. They're a parcel of narrow-minded snobs, who think the beginning and end of life is to ride straight to hounds."

Having relieved his jealous pangs by this vindictive burst, Fred goes to look after Mr. Trenchard's horses, and presently the barouche falls in with the line of vehicles driving toward the town, Fred and the gray in attendance, that animal suddenly amenable to reason now that he is going back to his stable.

Sibyl drives home with the Stormonts, with whom she is to dine.

"I do hope your dear uncle will join us at dinner," says Mrs. Stormont.

That hope is nipped in the bud, for among the day's letters Mrs. Stormont finds a note from Stephen Trenchard—

"DEAR MRS. STORMONT,—I do not feel well enough to avail myself of your kind invitation for this evening, so must ask you to excuse me. I will send the carriage for Sibyl at half past ten.

"Yours very truly,
"STEPHEN TRENCHARD."

"I'm afraid your uncle is breaking up, my dear," remarks Mrs. Stormont, with a sigh. "I saw a change in him when I called the other day."

"That is strange," says Sibyl, "for he has not been actually ill. He has not kept his room for a single day."

"He is a man of iron nerves, my love, and would be reluctant to give way to illness, but I feel sure that he is declining. At his age, and after a life in India, you can not expect to have him with you many years."

Sibyl looks grave. No; she has not counted on her uncle living many years, or at least when she deserted her husband she told herself that the old man's life could be but brief, and that a few years of patience would be rewarded by fortune and independence for all her life to come. But since she has lived with Uncle Trenchard she has been inclined to think differently. In his wiry frame and active habits, his temperance, his iron nerves, there seems the promise of life prolonged to its utmost limits. He may live to be ninety, and she be almost an old woman ere she reap the wages of her toil; and in that case what is to become of Alexis?

Mrs. Stormont's remark inspires a new hope. The end may not be so far off after all. She is not ungrateful to her uncle, she is not without some kind of affection for him, but the hope of reunion with her husband, of forgiveness and atonement, is sweet.

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